The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Miss Jane Barlow's new work, which will be a sequel to "Irish Idylls," is to be entitled "Strangers at Lisconnel," and will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton early in autumn.

A new series entitled "Little Books on Religion," will be commenced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in the autumn. The first volume will be "Christ and the Future Life," by Dr. R. W. Dale. Other volumes will follow by Dr. Marcus Dods, the Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and others. The volumes will be produced in novel and elegant form, and the price will be 1s. 6d.

The Vailima Letters written by Robert Louis Stevenson to Mr. Sidney Colvin will be published here in the autumn season by Messrs. Methuen, and in America by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of Chicago.

A collection of letters written by Stevenson to his wife's grandson, Austin Strong, will appear in *St. Nicholas* under the name of "Letters to a Boy."

"The Great North Road," which will be published in the *Illustrated London News*, is, unfortunately, only a fragment, a mere episode in a story of adventure which it was a long cherished purpose of Stevenson's to write. Good judges who have seen it declare that it would have been one of the most fascinating of his romances.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story will be published serially in the *Century*. The first instalment will probably appear in the January number of the magazine. The price paid to Mrs. Ward is said to be fifteen thousand dollars.

Mr. Marriott Watson will publish in November, through Mr. John Lane, a volume of Highwayman stories, to be entitled "The King's Highway." It will be published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball in America. Mr. Watson is also contributing a series of Oriental stories to the new paper "The Unicorn."

The information that reached us, on what we had reason to think reliable authority, concerning Mr. William Sharp's candidature for the Chair of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, and which we inserted in the August Bookman, was incorrect. Mr. Sharp is giving his active support to the candidature of his friend Professor Eric Robertson.

The life of Lorenzo de Medici which Mr. E. Armstrong has written for the "Heroes of the Nations Series" is now in the printer's hands. As it will embody the results of a considerable amount of original research, its publication has been looked forward to for some time by many students of the history of the Italian Renaissance. Mr. Armstrong is now writing a short "History of Spain" for the Pitt Press.

Since his return from his cruise to the Scilly Isles in his yacht, the *Vida*, Mr. Quiller Couch has been at home at Fowey. His time, however, has been less taken up with literary work than with his duties as secretary to the Fowey Yacht Club, the regatta of which came off in the middle of last month. Mr. and Mrs. Couch are just starting with Mr. Atkinson on board the *Airy Mouse* for a round of the regattas on the South Coast, beginning with those of Dartmouth and Plymouth.

Messrs. Blackwood have now practically arranged all the volumes for their county histories. We hear, however, that the Marquis of Lorne, who was to have written the volume on Argyleshire, has withdrawn from the task.

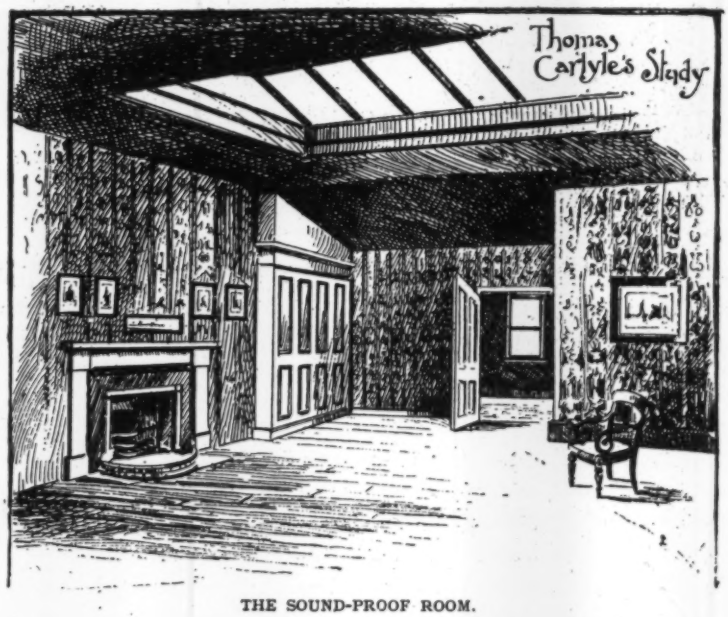
A volume of "Dissertations" by Canon Gore will be published shortly. These essays deal more fully with some of the important points touched upon in his Bampton lectures.

Mr. C. W. C. Oman, who has already won for himself a high position as an authority on the history of warfare, is engaged in preparing an important work dealing with the whole subject. His essay on the "Art of War in the Middle Ages" has been out of print for some years, and any second-hand copies of it that find their way to the bookseller are much sought after. Mr. Oman's new "History of the Art of War," which is to be published by Messrs. Putnam's, will be divided into three parts, the subjects of which will be Ancient Warfare, Mediæval Warfare, and Modern Warfare.

The Rev. Hastings Rashdall's book on mediæval universities will be issued shortly.

The number of visitors who have already visited the Carlyle Museum since it has been opened to the public should be gratifying to the committee who have taken so much pains to make the neglected and dilapidated house a worthy memorial of a great man and a suggestive place of pilgrimage. The intelligent Scottish caretaker proudly

shows her visitors' book, with its more than six hundred entries in three weeks—a large proportion of the names being American, of course. The committee have done their work speedily and well, by the aid of personal friends of the Carlyles with good memories; the late Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, so long an inmate of the house, having been of special assistance. As nearly as possible it has been restored to its condition of fifteen years ago. The old wall-papers have been photographed and reproduced, even old fireplaces traced and restored; bits of furniture, and a few pictures have been brought back to their former places. Indeed, judging by the length of time visitors linger over the relics, the house, for all its bareness, would seem to be already very suggestive. Some Scottish visitors the other day certainly stayed long enough before the sage's hat, with its ruffled pile, and his hat-box, to evolve from them a whole philosophy of clothes.



THE SOUND-PROOF ROOM.

Much else will be forthcoming surely, but even now the place calls up the life of its former owners. The sound-proof room has a faded map or two, and some prints that speak of the days when the "Cromwell" and the "Frederick" were being struggled with. The portraits of Sir Henry

CARLYLE'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

Taylor and of John Sterling's sister tell of old cherished friendships; the photograph of Carlyle on horseback, the artist's proof of Mrs. Allingham's portrait, and a water-colour sketch by the same artist, make the bare rooms living. Perhaps the books in the drawing-room have most interest of all, though they are mostly reference books, and connected with no special work of his own. Among them are a set of Annual Registers, another of the "Conversations-Lexicon," Barretti's, and several other dictionaries; actually two three-volume novels, one of Bulwer's, and Miss Martineau's "Deerbrook"; and some miscellaneous modern literature, including what are probably presentation copies from the authors, Ruskin, William Morris, and others. When the zealous committee have succeeded in tracing and procuring more of the furniture, pictures, and books, and have arranged the MSS. in cases, they will probably act on the excellent suggestion of some of their number, and make the house a home for some interesting collection of Chelsea books or antiquities, and a meeting-place for learned societies. In the meanwhile grateful acknowledgment is due to them for all they have already done.

Another series of volumes on periods of English literature has been announced. The publishers in this case are Messrs. William Blackwood and Son, and the series is to consist of twelve crown octavo volumes of about 350 pages each, and will be issued at a popular price. Mr. Saintsbury, who edits the series, intends it to supply a connected survey of European literature; and among the volumes already arranged for are, "The First Half of the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. H. D. Traill, "The Later Renaissance," by Mr. David Hannay, "The Romantic Revolt" and "The Romantic Triumph," by Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Walter H. Pollock respectively; and Mr. Saintsbury himself, we are glad to see, is to undertake "The Later Nineteenth Century." Professor W. P. Ker and Professor W. H. Raleigh have also promised volumes on "The Dark Ages," and on "The Transition Period," respectively.

The American publishing trade has been slow to feel the modern movement for better type and comelier binding, but of late the "De Vinne Press" and "The University Press" have been turning out very handsome text, and in the last

year a new firm, Messrs. Copeland and Day, have been getting up their works with a kind of binding and ornament we are more accustomed to in England. Their artists are as yet a little timid and imitative, and one wonders what Mr. Morris thinks of their edition of 'The House of Life,' which gives us for some two dollars a very charming imitation of a "Kelmscott Press" work, with the same rich, elaborate borders and initial letters, and the same heavy black type. It may be said that mediæval workmen copied their masters in much the same fashion, and that a part of the merit of conventional design is that its forms and suggestions are passed on from epoch to epoch, workman to workman. The same publishers' edition of Father Tabb's poems takes a suggestion from the cover design of Mr. John Gray's 'Silverpoints,' and their 'Robert Louis Stevenson: a study' follows more closely the title-page of Mr. Horner's 'Diversi Colores,' and for so much of "American piracy" one can be grateful without turning Socialist and having all things in common, for it has given us two charming books the more. Perhaps, however, we should feel differently were we designers or publishers.

"George Fleming" is at work on another play. Her "Mrs. Lessingham" aroused the interest of some of the best dramatic critics.

A new edition of "Hydriotaphia, and the Garden of Cyrus" will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The late Dr. Greenhill had nearly completed the book at the time of his death. Mr. Marshall, of Hastings, and Miss Greenhill are engaged in preparing it for the press.

Mr. Arrowsmith will publish in September a selection of the dialogues by Mr. W. Pett Ridge which have appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, in the old *Pall Mall Budget*, and in other journals. The book is called "Minor Dialogues," and Lewis Baumer and A. Standish Hartrick have furnished the illustrations. Mr. Pett Ridge's first novel will be issued later in the year by Messrs. Bentley.

Mr. Ruskin has often been heard to tell this story about the author of 'The Idylls of the King': "An intimate friend of the poet set himself to find out all the rules of Tennyson's versification, and collected together from his verses an immense number of laws and examples. 'Look here,' said he, 'what wonderful laws you observe!' 'It's all true,' replied the poet; 'I do observe them, but I never knew it.'" That Tennyson "was always asking questions of every one he met" is the statement of Sir George Grove. He adds concerning the poet that "he'd take up a bit of moss or stone. 'Now, look here,' he would say, 'you know all about it. Just tell me.' I didn't know; but he was constantly learning. I asked him a question; I wanted to know the difference between a cowslip and an oxlip. 'O, don't you know the difference?' he said. 'Come out and see!' And then he showed me that the cowslip flowers looked downwards and the flowers of an oxlip looked to the sky."

During the past six months, writes a correspondent, the trade in rare books has shown little of very special interest, although one record price at any rate has been made. The only sure test of rise and fall in value is found in the auction room, and recently there have been no important sales of libraries—none, that is, to compare with such famous sales as the Sunderland, the Gosford, or the Perkins. The six months' dealing, such as it is, has gone to show that while genuine rarities and unusually fine copies bring if anything better prices, ordinary books are rather on the down grade in the market. The record price referred to was £540 paid for a copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare's Plays. The edition is not a great rarity, being commoner than the first folio, and far more so than the third; and £50 is an average price for it. The volume referred to was in very fine condition, of course; but it shows the fluctuation of value in such property that a few years ago the same copy was sold for £148 from the library of Mr. George Daniell. Another high, but by no means unmatched, price was £100 paid for the eagerly sought after little Elzevir, 'Le Pastissier François.' In 1819 it could have been bought for as many francs; since then it has changed hands at over three thousand, and one fortunate Parisian bookseller got £400 for an "uncut" copy. One 'Robinson Crusoe,' containing the "Farther Adventures," brought £72, and another £61, while £43 was paid for a volume without that addition. A 'Vicar of Wakefield,' with the true Salisbury imprint and date 1766, ran up to £68—£14 more than was paid for the only copy sold in 1894; and a Gray's 'Elegy' went for £54, as against £48 in 1894 and £74 in the previous year. Milton's 'Paradise Lost' of 1667, with the "correct title-page" (of which there are seven varieties), brought 100 guineas—double the price paid for a copy last season. These figures, with the £44 for Lovelace's 'Lucasta,' and £34 for Allots' 'England's Parnassus,' show that the competition for first editions of famous English works is keener than ever.

Coming to more modern publications, our correspondent continues, a copy of Lamb's 'Rosamund Gray' brought £70, and the 'Poetry for Children' £84. Browning's scarce 'Pauline' at £42 was at about its average. It is to be noted that the 'Father Damien,' by R. L. Stevenson, which brought £7, bore the imprint of Sydney, *not* that of London. Excepting in the case of unusually fine copies, Dickens' works are greatly less sought for: even the sum of £10 paid for 'Pickwick' in the original parts has been exceeded more than once. The most notable price this season was £12 15s. paid for the 'Tale of Two Cities.' As with Dickens' novels, so with works illustrated by Cruikshank—only the finest copies are run after. The payment of £59, however, for a copy, in four volumes, with uncut edges, of 'The Humourist,' was a remarkable event. An uncut 'Ingoldsby Legends,' with Cruikshank's famous designs, brought £21 10s. It is exceedingly difficult to get the three volumes all of the right edition; copies of later issues can easily be had at a reasonable price.

A correspondent writes:—Lately I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. E. Norris, the famous novelist, at his cosy country home, which is situated upon the summit of a hill near Torquay, a hill from which a truly charming view is obtained of Torbay and of Berry Head. "And do strangers — people that you have never met or even heard of—ever ask you to read their MSS. and

give them your opinion of it?" I happened to ask during the course of conversation. Mr. Norris smiled. Then he lighted a fresh cigarette. "As a fact," he answered quietly after a short pause, "strangers are for ever asking me to give them my 'candid opinion' of their MSS.—but why, it is hard to say. Some people seem to think that any man fairly successful in the calling of letters can induce publishers to accept anybody's MSS., merely by giving the writer an introduction to the publisher. As a rule, introductions to publishers are much worse than useless." "Do you ever oblige these strangers?" "Sometimes. But I always tell them the candid truth—which they have asked for—though one is obliged to express one's opinion as delicately as possible. After all, it is but the expression of an individual opinion, as I always remind them, and it may be the expression of an entirely wrong opinion." "How do they take it, for the most part? "Take it? Many of them do not take it at all. They fling it back in my teeth, and sometimes send an insult after it. Several —perfect strangers, mind you—have gone so far as to say that I 'abused' their stories because I feared that some day they, the writers, would outstrip me, but that they intended to outstrip me notwithstanding. Others have said plainly that I wished to steal their plots, and so on. But, after all," he added in the genial tone in which he had been speaking all along, "these people probably write in the heat of the moment and do not mean half they say. All novelists whose names are before the public are more or less annoyed by strangers; probably the majority are far more pestered than I am."

Mr. H. G. Wells' new novel, "The Wonderful Visit," will be published by Messrs. Dent towards the end of September.

After a year's absence in America, Mr. Robert Maclure has returned to London. As before, he represents in this country *Maclure's Magazine* and the Maclure Syndicate, and is the agent for Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of Chicago. Mr. S. S. Maclure, the head of the syndicate, is now on his way to London.

Among the recent American visitors of importance to London is Mr. J. M. Scott, President of the Century Publishing Co.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JULY 22 to AUGUST 17, 1895.

The period above indicated commenced with a slightly improved trade, which was maintained for about a fortnight. Of course, as might be expected, the weeks succeeding the Bank Holiday were very quiet indeed. Glorious sunshine and activity in the distribution of literature do not by any means go hand in hand. Foreign trade remains steady, and, as a whole, satisfactory. This class of business does not, as a rule, fluctuate very much; at least, not so noticeably as other branches.

"Trilby," "Trilby," "Trilby," is the cry from all parts of the kingdom; one might almost say all parts of the earth. The sale of this work is without a precedent in the history of the one-volume edition of a popular novel. Every copy of the edition de luxe of the work was sold before publication.

Ever welcome is the new volume of the "Fur and Feather Series." This year it treats of the pheasant, and has been remarkably well received. The large paper editions of this series always command a premium.

The *Badminton Magazine* starts well and supplies a want, in this country, at any rate. *Chambers' Journal* and the other popular magazines, such as *Strand Magazine, Quiver, Woman at Home*, etc., show no signs of falling off.

There has been a very free enquiry for the new volume of the Badminton Library. Sea-fishing is the subject of which it treats, and the publication of the volume is very well timed. All works dealing with sports and pastimes have their season just now. Possibly these keep the trade alive until the time arrives for the reassembling of the schools.

The interest still evinced in the Hero of Trafalgar is noticeable from the reception given to the new volume of "English Men of Action," by J. K. Laughton, dealing with Nelson. The critics pronounce this to be a very remarkable and original work, which may account for its very free sale.

It is reported in the trade that three of the leading writers of the day have disposed of the serial rights only of their new works to American magazines for a sum which must make some of the immortal writers of the 17th and 18th, aye, and of the 19th, centuries turn in their graves.

Appended is a list of the newer publications which are most in request at the time of writing. Fiction predominates, as usual, and probably will always do so. The 6s. novel may now be considered as a well established item of trade. The demand for the life of Stamboloff shows the interest taken in any matter dealing with Eastern Europe, and the inclusion in the list of H. Norman's work on Japan and China speaks for itself.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
The Master. By I. Zangwill. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Lilac Sun-Bonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 6s.
Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.
Magnificent Young Man. By John Strange Winter. 6s.
Into the Highways, etc. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
In a Gloucestershire Garden. By H. N. Ellacombe. 6s.
Gerald Eversley's Friendship. By Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.
The Adventures of Capt. Horn. By F. R. Stockton. 6s.
An Imaginative Man. By R. S. Hichens. 6s.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
The Woman who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Lovely Malincourt. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
Peg the Rake. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
Sea Fishing. (Badminton Library.) 10s. 6d.
The Pheasant. (Fur and Feather Series.) 5s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. net.
Stamboloff. By A. H. Beaman. 3s. 6d.
Peoples, etc., of the Far East. By H. Norman. 21s.
Fifty Years. By Rev. Harry Jones. 4s.
Nelson. (English Men of Action.) 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 27, 1895.—A better week in the Home Trade. Foreign and colonial steady.
Aug. 3, „ —Improvement maintained through the week. No change in colonial or foreign business.
„ 10, „ —Taking the holiday time into consideration this week must be considered satisfactory. Colonial and foreign trade about as last week.
„ 17, „ —A very quiet week indeed, as might be expected. Colonial trade better, foreign normal.

NEW WRITERS.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE authoress of "Pharais" and of "The Mountain Lovers," to which attention was called in the August BOOKMAN, is qualified by birth, early association, and long familiarity to be the interpreter of Highland character and landscape. A native of the Western Isles, much of her childhood and girlhood was spent in the Inner and Outer Hebrides. By the way, her Christian name is not, as many have taken for granted, "made up." It is a name occasionally, if not frequently, met with in the Isles, and is generally a diminutive of Fionnaghal, the Gaelic equivalent of Flora.

Her first book, "Pharais," was published last year by Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, in his "Regent Library," and almost simultaneously with another volume of the same series, "Vistas," by Mr. William Sharp, the authoress's cousin. It attracted almost immediate attention from several eminent men of letters, winning praise and encouragement from Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Traill, Mr. Grant Allen, who wrote of it with enthusiasm in the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Though it hardly gained a circulating library popularity, it had an unusual *succès d'estime* for the first book of a young writer, and gained for Fiona Macleod more suggestions from publishers than she can fulfil, for she likes to write at her leisure. At the time of the publication of "Pharais," "The Mountain Lovers" was partially done, but she was able to submit no more than the "Wind Prologue" (now the first chapter) to Mr. John Lane, who, however, conditionally commissioned the book thereupon.

Nothing else of Fiona Macleod's has appeared in print except some verses and a short tale called "The Anointed Man" in the *Evergreen*, the new Scottish quarterly. But on the head of "Pharais" she received a commission from *Harper's Magazine*, and a collection of Celtic episodes, with illustrations, is to appear in that magazine, probably before the end of the year, under the title "From the Hebrid Isles."

Her next book is to be called "The Sin-Eater." It will be issued early in October, simultaneously in this country and America—in the latter by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, and here by the new Edinburgh firm, Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. It consists of ten Celtic tales and episodes. The longest are the title story and "The Dan-nan-Ròn." The backgrounds are nearly all situate in the Inner or Outer Isles (Iona, Mull, Skye, or South Uist, Benbecula, and the other Outer Hebrides). There is one small section called "Tragic Landscapes," comprising three tentative efforts to narrate tragically and movingly yet (in the first) without any human interest whatsoever, or (in the third) with intense human emotion conveyed entirely by extraneous suggestion.

It will interest many to learn that the "Rann-anh-Aoise" (The Rune of Age), the "Sweet St. Bride," and all the other songs and metrical fragments, English or Gaelic, in "The Mountain Lovers," are of her own composition, except the Gaelic quatrain ("Mo run geal dileas") early in the second chapter, and the Gaelic folk-fragment quoted at

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NORA HOPPER.

THAT Miss Hopper has never been in Ireland, that the "Ballads in Prose"—which the most Irish of Irish readers declare have caught the essential spirit of their country with wonderful exactness—owe nothing to landscape or human nature seen nearer than in dreamland, is a remarkable instance of temperament and interest independent and almost defiant of environment.

She has mixed Irish and Welsh blood in her veins, but she was born in the city of Exeter, and nearly all her life has been spent in Kensington. The bricks and mortar of that fashionable quarter, however, have never frightened her faithful friends the fairies away, who have kept her constant

From Photo by A. King] *[Norland Terrace, W.*
NORA HOPPER.

company since as a child she fell under the spell of "The Marsh King's Daughter" in a grassy corner of Hyde Park.

She served no regular apprenticeship to her work, but she began to write very early, scribbling plays and fairy romances in her school exercise books. Belonging to a military family (her father was a captain in the 31st Bengal Native Infantry), she had no interest with the literary world, and success has come to her after considerable effort and the usual course of rejection by editors and publishers. Folk-lore and kindred subjects she studied at the British Museum, with the assistance and encouragement of Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. W. T. Fletcher, Mr. Graves, and others. For three years the Icelandic Sagas held her, and perhaps the severity and straightforwardness of the northern stories have done something to chasten her Celtic spirit. After five years of hard work, of experiment and experience, success has come to her, and she has recently been writing for *Household Words*, *Longman's*, *Macmillan's*, *Chambers'*, *Lyceum*, *Sketch*, and other magazines. A book of poems is ready for publication, and she has much prose work on hand.

Unlike most Irishwomen, Miss Hopper has no interest in politics, indeed for few topics of the day does she care at all. Home Rule is meaningless in her ears, and she only becomes a partisan at the sound of "'98," or at the names of Emmett or Sarsfield. She has written, if she has not published, modern stories, but the fairies meddle with them, and draw her off to their more congenial company.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MR. BENSON has, I see, been attacked for writing somewhere that Lord Tennyson was not a man of agreeable manners. I do not see why even the most ardent admirer of the late Laureate's work should object to such a statement, which in no way diminishes the glory of his hero's genius. As a matter of fact, Mr. Benson only wrote what was quite true. Like most men who have studied closely the human heart, Lord Tennyson was a misanthrope, and that he was so is only a proof that his study had been well directed.

I was talking about this the other day at my mother's house, and she told me of the first occasion on which she met Tennyson. That was more than forty years ago. Tennyson was then living with his wife and a baby—the present Lord Tennyson—at a house in Twickenham, "a gloomy house, surrounded by trees." My mother and old Mrs. Wordsworth were staying in the neighbourhood with Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Taylor, a daughter of Lord Mount-eagle's and the wife of Henry Taylor, who was a poet himself and wrote a life of Philip van Arteveldte. The Taylors knew the Tennysons, and Mrs. Taylor had taken Miss Wordsworth to see the new Laureate. "We were received by Mrs. Tennyson, but the poet did not appear until Mrs. Taylor had asked that he might be sent for. He came into the room looking very gloomy, and only spoke in monosyllables. Mrs. Taylor, who was a bright, vivacious Irishwoman, rallied him on his moroseness. 'One would say, Mr. Tennyson,' she said, 'that you are not pleased to see us.' 'I don't think you would be pleased to see visitors,' cried Tennyson, 'if you hired the *Times* for one hour a day, and the visitors just came during that hour.' Mrs. Taylor then said, 'And you never come to see us, though you know how Mrs. Wordsworth likes to see you. We come here four times to one call from you.' 'It's all very well for you to talk,' said Tennyson, morosely. 'You have only to order your horses to be put in and to drive over here. When I come to see you, I have to go to the expense of a cab or a railway ticket.' He afterwards left the room, leaving me very abashed, for he had taken no notice whatever of me. Mrs. Tennyson noticed my condition, and came and sat by me and spoke very kindly to me. Mr. Tennyson was not well, she said; he suffered from biliousness, and his manners that day meant nothing. She was sorry that I had come just that day, because when Tennyson was in a good humour he was so delightful. 'You cannot imagine, my dear, how pleasant it is to hear him read his poetry aloud. He reads it so beautifully.' She went on to say that he was a most good-hearted man and a most affectionate father. As we were driving home, I told Mrs. Taylor what Mrs. Tennyson had said to me, and she said, 'Oh, yes, Tennyson is a model father. If the baby is heard crying it is Tennyson who rushes up to the nursery to comfort it, not Mrs. Tennyson, and he spends most of his time over his son's cradle. And I hope,' she added, 'that the baby won't grow up to be a yellow man, though I fear he may, as Tennyson smokes his pipe all the time he is in the nursery, and envelops his heir in clouds of smoke.'" This was Miss Wordsworth's account of her first interview with the late Laureate.

I remember now that my father used to tell me that when he was a boy he once met Tennyson at a dinner-party, and that he was very frightened at his appearance. Tennyson was at that time very sallow, almost yellow, and had long black hair. At dessert the poet bent across the table and addressed my father, in front of whom was placed a dish of fruit, and said: "Evolve me an apple." "I did not know what he wanted me to do," said my father.

I see that the proprietors of *Le Petit Journal* in Paris have started a competition for—we won't say novelists, but writers of fiction available for publication in serial form. The highest prize is to be a sum of fifty thousand francs. I do not gather that the competition is exclusively restricted to French citizens, but it probably is, as *Le Petit Journal* is nothing if not Chauvin. In any case an English novelist would be ill-advised in competing. The French *feuilleton*, such as would be suitable for a paper like *Le Petit Journal*, is an article of manufacture for which a long apprenticeship and a very intimate knowledge of the literary taste of the French masses, a trifle less vulgar, if far more sentimental than the English, are necessary, and how very few succeed in this branch of manufacture is shown by the fact that not more than ten writers have contributed *feuilletons* to *Le Petit Journal* for the last ten years. Till now manuscripts submitted to the editor have always been read by Madame Marinoni, who, of the working classes herself, is a good judge of what appeals to them, and it is a fact that this lady, who always reads the MSS. in bed, gives them her most careful attention. The writer who can succeed in moistening the reader's eyes stands a good chance of success, but, of course, the villain must be able to baffle the examining magistrate till the very last chapter. Whatever may be said of the literary quality of the *feuilletons* published in *Le Petit Journal*, they have at least the merit, rare in these days in France, of being decent in tone.

On the part of the proprietors of this journal the institution of this competition is, doubtless, dictated by a desire to reduce expenses, the prices charged for their stories by the writers who till now have exclusively occupied the *rez-de-chaussée* of the *Petit Journal* being exorbitant. Tenpence a line is the usual rate, and Richebourg, Mary and de Montépin get from £3,000 to £4,000 for mere serial rights. I expect that the management of *Le Petit Journal* have calculated that one effect of this competition may be to bring down their prices.

The Anarchists have often been challenged to state what kind of a society they propose to put in the place of the society they are so anxious to destroy. M. Jean Grave has accepted this challenge, and has just published, through Tresse and Stock, in their Sociological Library series, a book called "La Societé Future," in which he depicts society as it will be, after "*le grand soir*" has cleared away existing social institutions. The picture—to me, at least—is not a very attractive one; but I must say that I greatly admire Jean Grave's courage. He has just come out of prison, after having served part of the sentence of two years' imprisonment to which he was condemned for writing "La Societé Mourante et l'Anarchie," and from which the amnesty released him, and now once more affronts the authorities with a scarlet-covered book. Jean Grave is a remarkable man, entirely self-educated, yet endowed with

wide knowledge and an excellently convincing style. His merits as a writer of French prose, apart from his political views, were abundantly testified to by a number of literary celebrities who were called as witnesses for the defence at his recent trial.

"The Portrait of Dorian Gray" has reached a seventh edition in Paris, and is still selling fast. It has been hailed as a great work of art by all the French critics, and Octave Mirbeau, who "created" Maeterlinck, described it as the most powerful *Haidoirie* in the cause of morality which he had ever read. The author's play, "Salomé," is to be produced at the Théatre Libre this winter.

Mr. William Wordsworth, late President of Elphinstone College, Bombay, passed through Paris a few days ago, on his way to the English Lake District, where he proposes to spend a short vacation. Since his retirement from the Indian Educational Service, Mr. Wordsworth has been living in Naples. He is the author of much unpublished poetry, of sufficient merit to attract the great recommendation of Professor Dowden, who strongly urged him to accept an offer from Macmillan to publish it. But in fear of comparisons which might be instituted between his work and the poems of his grandfather, he has preferred to keep his poetry in manuscript. He is by no means the first victim of a celebrated name.

George du Maurier was a visitor to Boulogne the other day, and was seen looking at the house in the Grande Rue where so many happy days of his childhood were spent. Mr. du Maurier is spending his holidays at Folkestone, giving the finishing touches to "The Martians," and will not return to London till about the fifteenth of next month. He will spend the winter at his house in Oxford Terrace, where "Trilby." was generated.

In October next, *Le Figaro*, following the lead of *Le Gaulois*, will be permanently enlarged to six pages, mainly in view of a largely increased advertising connection. It is proposed to give more space to fiction, and the enlarged *Figaro* will lead off with a *nouvelle* of about twenty thousand words from the pen of Alphonse Daudet, who was one of the earliest contributors to Villemessant's periodical, at a time when its *format* was that of the *Literary World*.

The importance attached by French newspaper proprietors to fiction, as shown by the large prices paid to authors for serial rights, may be attributed to the fact that nine out of every ten purchasers of a newspaper in France take the paper for the sake of the *feuilleton*, and possibly also of the *faits-divers*, or police-news. I have heard hundreds of Frenchmen say, "I only read the *faits-divers* and the *feuilleton*." Next to the feuilletonist, it is the "City Editor" (in the American acceptation of that term) who draws most money from the newspaper cashier. Pierre Giffard, for instance, of *Le Petit Journal*, draws £3,000 per annum, "besides his lines."

By "besides his lines" I mean that, in addition to his salary, he is paid so much a line for everything he contributes to the paper. This is the usual arrangement in French newspaper offices. A man on the staff of a French newspaper gets a salary of so much a month, and, in addition to this, he receives so much a line for what he contributes, the salary being considered a kind of retainer. On the whole, however, French journalists are miserably paid, and, as a consequence, blackmailing in all its forms has to be winked at more or less by the newspaper proprietors. On the other hand, journalism in France may lead a man to the highest places in the State. In England it seems to lead many to the Charterhouse, some to the Civil List, and only a few to the Consolidated Funds. For instance, a man like George Augustus Sala in France would be allotting pensions, not receiving one, and a beggarly one at that.

Madame Taine is seeing her husband's memoirs and correspondence through the press. The book is being eagerly expected, not without trepidation by many of the literary mountebanks for whom Taine had so profound a contempt. Taine was as good a hater as he was a good admirer. To what a point he carried his admiration for what he considered good literary work was shown by the fact that on his death-bed he asked for the proofs of de Heredia's poems to be sent to him, as he felt he should not live till the book was published. "And," he said, "I want to die with a little music in my ears." On the other hand, he detested the Naturalists, and vowed that Zola should never be of the Academy, he, Taine, being an Academician. I greatly enjoyed my visits to the rue Cassette, and have spent many hours smoking Taine's cigarettes, of which he had a great supply always at hand, and listening to his conversation on men and matters of letters.

I have seen it stated in the English papers that Count Henri de Regnier, the poet, is engaged to be married to de Heredia's daughter, the poetess daughter of a poet. This was a report started a year ago, and is not true, as far as I know, and my knowledge is based on what de Regnier himself told me not very long ago.

De Herédia was speaking the other night in my presence of the "certainties" for the next elections at the Academy, and, as I was very glad to hear, said that André Theuriet would soon be wearing the palm-embroidered coat. Theuriet is *tout indiqué* for the Academy.

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THE READER.

LIVING BY LITERATURE.

By an Old Literary Hand.

As one who has attained a certain position in the literary and journalistic world, I am sometimes asked to advise young men and women as to the best means of succeeding in the profession of "literature." I invariably decline to give any advice on the subject. Nay, more; I invariably endeavour to dissuade the applicant from making the plunge proposed. "If there is anything else that you can do," I say, "do that; do not on any account turn writing into a trade. Almost anything is preferable to that. If you have prospects in business, follow them up; if you have a taste for the mechanical, utilise it; if you have a feeling for the Church, for Medicine, or for the Law, yield to it. Whatever you do, do not place absolute dependence on your pen."

This species of exhortation is the outcome of twenty-five years' practical and unceasing experience of the literary life. That experience has brought with it a certain

measure of reputation, and the ability to support myself and family on a certain scale; but it has also made clear to me the fact that to live by "literature" is a growingly precarious and disheartening thing. Nay, in the quarter of a century during which I have plied my quill, I have seen the profession of "literature" almost wholly deserted. The professional literary men and women—who have made any mark—can now (apart from the fictionists) be counted almost on the fingers of two hands. This was not always so. Time was when a small army of people, dependent wholly on their pen, set themselves to supply the wants of the public in the way of readable volumes. Their business, mainly, was to condense and to popularise. They rendered palatable the discoveries and conclusions of dryasdust historians, biographers, geographers, and savants; they produced translations, they edited classics, they wrote stories and manuals for young people. They stood midway between the specialists and the general reader, making the former intelligible to the latter. They performed a useful function, and obtained a fair reward. It was possible in those days to thrive on "literature"; many made it their *mètier*, and succeeded in it.

What is the position now? The work which used to be done by the literary middleman is done, almost entirely, by the Expert and the Amateur.

(1) The Expert no longer allows the professional literary man to stand between him and the public. He does his own condensing and popularising. The present is an age of Primers and Handbooks dealing with every topic under heaven; and these are written, for the most part, by men and women who have made a specialty of one subject or more. The historians, the biographers, the geographers, the savants, having been approached by the publishing fraternity, now condescend to talk directly and familiarly to the crowd, and in particular to students and young people. They are enabled to do this by the fact, not only that the branch of knowledge on which they discourse is familiar to them, but that in most instances they occupy official positions to which regular incomes are attached. They can afford to dash off, with more or less speed, little manuals into which they compress the experience and the teaching of a lifetime.

(2) Then there is the Amateur—a noun of multitude. This person rears his head in every direction. Sometimes he is a titled dignitary, who, rejoicing in the possession of private means as well as literary tastes, diverts himself, or advertises himself, and even adds to his pocket-money, by writing more or less copiously for the magazines. He and his feminine counterpart are especially conspicuous in the monthly reviews, to which the possession of a title of some sort is a species of "open sesame." Sometimes—indeed, frequently—the amateur is in business; is a banker, or an accountant, or "something in the City." Sometimes he belongs formally to another profession in which he dabbles—that of the Church, or Medicine, or the Law. Considerable is the number of beneficed clergymen who, with a natural desire to add to their pecuniary resources, enter the field against the professional man and woman of letters. A large proportion of the fiction of to-day is written, as everybody knows, by barristers. The Army and the Navy are also largely represented among writers of books and contributors to magazines. And—most unkindest cut of all—the gentlemen of the Civil Service, for the payment of whose salaries we poor literary folk are taxed, are prominent among literary producers. Though a grateful country employs (or believes it employs) their energies from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., they still have sufficient intellectual and physical force—lucky men!—to turn out, at their leisure, a remarkable variety of publications, on which, apparently, a good deal of research has been bestowed. The public would probably be surprised to learn how many of the names best known to them in current literature are those of men who draw comfortable salaries from the public purse.

I am not complaining of all this. Literature is the most democratic of institutions, and its ranks are necessarily recruited from all quarters. I do not for a moment argue that literature should be produced only by a literary class or caste. We must welcome it, when it is worthy of welcome, from whatever source it comes. The country is no doubt advantaged in the long run by the cerebral activity of all sections of the people. The result is an enormous quantity of output; but that, no doubt, does but supply more chances of discovering what genius and talent we have at our command. In the same way, it is doubtless to the interest of the public that its Primers and Manuals, its "popular" books, and so forth, should be written by experts, rather than by those who simply "get up" a subject by way of business.

My present object is merely to point to the facts of the case, and to warn the literary aspirant accordingly. All the gates are thronged with suitors. There is no longer, in effect, a literary class. Everybody writes. There is fierce competition on every side. I do not say that an unmarried literary man, if fairly strong, industrious, and competent, cannot contrive to keep going and make ends meet; but even he will find, as he grows older, that the strain grows greater—that he has more competitors, fewer opportunities, and less energy to bestow upon his work. As for the married man, for him of course the strain is all the more intense, because of his heavier responsibilities. He and his must live; and to gain money he must write, or compile, or translate, or edit—if he can get the employment—in the midst, too often, of domestic trials and his own ill-health. This, necessarily, is fatal to good work; and in any case means, sooner or later, intellectual as well as physical breakdown.

I am aware that a certain number of literary men and women are at this moment making handsome incomes out of the supply of fiction. Fiction is the one product which pays many people well. A few are amassing fortunes by it. But reputations, after waxing, wane; and the popular novelists of to-day are not always the popular novelists of to-morrow. They are apt to be elbowed out of the way by newer and robuster favourites. Prices are apt to go down as rapidly as they have gone up, and the gods and goddesses of the day-before-yesterday are in some instances cast into outer darkness. The remarkable present-day vogue of the novelist will, we may expect, tempt many a young writer to devote himself to imaginative work; but, however clever that writer may be, he may find himself stranded before long. The competition is strenuous; and the fortunes,

after all, are made only by the few. In the lower ranks of fiction-writing the remuneration is akin to that of the penny-a-liner; and few occupations, probably, are more dreary.

The young man who thinks to live by "literature" must bear in mind that the profession has scarcely any "prizes," and that, save to a handful, it presents no prospect of "peace and plenty" in old age. All that the hard-working *littérateur* can hope for is that some day he may secure a permanent appointment as reader or editor, or both, to a firm of publishers. He might be glad to accept a librarianship; but posts of that sort are withheld from him because he has had no "previous experience" of their not very mysterious duties. In the event of illness or other misfortune, he has only the "Royal Literary Fund" to resort to; and then he must needs go cap in hand and sue *in formâ pauperis*, disclosing all his private griefs, with the result, I fear, that he will receive only a pittance sufficient to stave off the more pressing claims upon him but not sufficient to set him wholly on his legs again. So far as I know, there is no institution from which a literary man can obtain a loan which might enable him to bridge over a period of calamity. There is nothing for him to do but to apply to the Literary Fund, and so pauperise himself entirely. I am assuming, you observe, that untoward causes have prevented him from "laying up" for the rainy day.

Still more melancholy is the outlook for the literary man's widow who has been left, unhappily, without any means of support. The annual list of pensions on the Civil List will show the literary aspirant at a glance what he has to expect in that quarter. Of how many *working* men of letters have the widows been endowed from the Civil List during the existence of the Fund? It does not matter how distinguished or how numerous may be the signatures attached to a petition; by some peculiar dispensation the pensions do not often go to the really destitute, and they go but rarely indeed to the relicts of the men of letters *by profession*.

All this tends to the one conclusion—that no one, however gifted, however strong, however active, should depend upon "literature" for his daily bread, or for the daily bread of those dear to him. Literature cannot be cultivated upon a little oatmeal when there is more than one mouth to feed. Sir Walter (I do not mean the Besantine Emperor of the Society of Authors) was right when he said that literature was a good crutch but a bad staff. The staff must be sought elsewhere, and preferably in a calling which makes little demand upon the mind or the physique. Literature is best followed, as Helps wrote his Essays, "in the intervals of business." Lucky is the man of literary taste and power who can devote his leisure to the pursuit he loves! It is from such conditions, undoubtedly, that the best results arise.

There is always, of course, the alternative of Journalism. The young man who either cannot, or will not, devote most of his time to the ledger, and has a similar distaste for the "learned" or mechanical professions, usually, if the ink has got into his blood, turns to newspaper work for the means of livelihood which "literature" refuses to him. That, practically, is inevitable. Journalism furnishes the bread and butter of many whose hearts are really in the production of a higher class of literary matter. Unfortunately, it is a hard taskmaster, and it is jealous of all rivals. Its rewards, save in exceptional cases, are small, and it is apt to sap the energies, mental and physical, of all but the most robust. Good incomes are derived from it, but only through the expenditure of much intellectual and bodily force. In general, I think I may say, it leaves a man little time and still less inclination to tread the loftier paths of literary effort. Many a fine intellect has been frittered away upon it. Journalism is relentless in its demands upon the best capacity of those who follow it. And, in the end, when the ability to supply good work is not what it was, the unhappy newspaper man—if he has not been in a position to exercise the virtue of thrift—has nothing to look forward to but such assistance as the Newspaper Press Fund may be good enough to dole out to him.

I adopt, of set purpose, a pessimistic tone. There has been a great deal of talk, of late, of the large pecuniary gains of literature and journalism. The talk is true of a limited number of people; it is absolutely untrue even of the average "successful" man. Young men desirous of embracing a literary career ought to be told the truth. It is a career demanding wide knowledge, good health, great industry, and, above all, considerable fortitude; save in a few instances, it yields a monetary return comparatively small. It is a very harassing occupation, and especially so where the writer's domestic circumstances are unfavourable. It is a trying business at the best, and, at the worst, deplorable

IRISH NATIONAL LITERATURE.

III.—Contemporary Irish Poets: Dr. Hyde, Mr. Rolleston, Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Nora Hopper, A. E., Mr. Aubrey De Vere, Dr. Todhunter, and Mr. Lionel Johnson.

THE followers of the Father Christian Rosencrux, says the old tradition, wrapped his imperishable body in noble raiment and laid it under the house of their order, in a tomb containing the symbols of all things in heaven and earth, and in the waters under the earth, and set about him inextinguishable magical lamps, which burnt on generation after generation, until other students of the order came upon the tomb by chance. It seems to me that the imagination has had no very different history during the last two hundred years, but has been laid in a great tomb of criticism, and had set over it inextinguishable magical lamps of wisdom and romance, and has been altogether so nobly housed and apparelled that we have forgotten that its wizard lips are closed, or but opened for the complaining of some melancholy and ghostly voice. The ancients and the Elizabethans abandoned themselves to imagination as a woman abandons herself to love, and created great beings who made the people of this world seem but shadows, and great passions which made our loves and hatreds appear but ephemeral and trivial phantasies; but now it is not the great persons, or the great passions we imagine, which absorb us, for the persons and passions in our poems are mainly reflections our mirror has caught from older poems or from the life about us, but the wise comments we make upon them, the criticism of life we wring from their fortunes. Arthur and his Court are nothing, but the many-coloured lights that play about them are as beautiful as the lights from cathedral windows;

Pompilia and Guido are but little, while the ever-recurring meditations and expositions which climax in the mouth of the Pope are among the wisest of the Christian age. It seems to a perhaps fanciful watcher of the skies like myself that this age of criticism is about to pass, and an age of imagination, of emotion, of moods, of revelation, about to come in its place; for certainly belief in a supersensual world is at hand again; and when the notion that we are "phantoms of the earth and water" has gone down the wind, we will trust our own being and all it desires to invent; and when the external world is no more the standard of reality, we will learn again that the great Passions are angels of God, and that to embody them "uncurbed in their eternal glory," even in their labour for the ending of man's peace and prosperity, is more than to comment, ever so wisely, upon the tendencies of our time, or to express the socialistic, or humanitarian, or other forces of our time, or even "to sum up" our time, as the phrase is; for Art is a revelation, and not a criticism, and the life of the artist is in the old saying, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit."

This revolution may be the opportunity of the Irish Celt, for he has an unexhausted and inexhaustible mythology to give him symbols and personages, and his nature has been profoundly emotional from the beginning. An old Gaelic writer describes him as "celebrated for anger and for amouresness," and an old English writer tells of his playing "hastily and swiftly" upon the harp and the timbre, and a chronicler of Queen Elizabeth's time has no better word for wild sorrow than "to weep Irish"; while Dr. Hyde says of him, as he is in our own time, that "he will to-day be dancing, sporting, drinking, and shouting, and will be soliloquising by himself to-morrow, heavy and sick and sad in his poor lonely little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost love, the vanity of this world, and the coming of death"; and from such a temperament must come a literature which, whether important or unimportant, will yet be built after the ancient manner. The "Love Songs of Connaught," translated by Dr. Douglas Hyde, express this emotional nature in its most extreme form, for, though they have nothing of the verbal extravagance of the bards, they seem to be continually straining to express a something which lies beyond the possibility of expression, some vague, immeasurable emotion. One understands this better from the prose than from the verse translations, good as these often are; from such passages as: "It is happy for thee, O blind man, who dost not see much of women. Och, if thou wert to see what we see, thou wouldst be sick even as I am. It is a pity, O God, that it is not blind I was before I saw her twisted cool (hair) and her snowy body. . . . I always thought the blind pitiable until my calamity waxed beyond the grief of all; then, though it is a pity, my pity I turned into envy. . . . It is woe for whoever saw her, and it is woe for him who sees her not each day. It is woe for him on whom the knot of her love is tied, and it is woe for him who is loosened out of it. It is woe for him who goes to her, and it is woe to him who is not with her constantly. It is woe for a person to be near her, and it is woe for him who is not near her"; or from such a wild outburst as, "My love, O she is my love, the woman who is most for destroying me; dearer is she for making me ill than the woman who would be for making me well. She is my treasure, O she is my treasure, the woman of the grey eye . . . a woman who would not place a hand beneath my head. . . . She is my affection, O she is my affection, the woman who left no strength in me; a woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, a woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb." Almost all we have had translated out of the Gaelic is as purely lyrical in spirit, though not always as passionate as this. Mr. Rolleston's translation, from a very old original, "The Dead of Clonmacnois," though does not strain to express anything which lies beyond the possibility of expression, is so purely emotional that it must stand an example of the Gaelic lyric come close to perfection.

In a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham,
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbre sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael, that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod above Clan Creide and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred Fighter
In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

No living Irish poet has learned so much from the translators as Mrs. Hinkson, and the great change this knowledge has made in her verse is an example of the necessity for Irish writers to study the native tradition of expression. Her first two books, "Louise de Valliere" and "Shamrocks," contained here and there a moving lyric, but were on the whole merely excellent in promise, for the political turmoil of the time, and perhaps her own work for "the Ladies' Land League," continually drew her into rhetoric, while her own haste and inexperience kept her in a bondage of imitation of contemporary English poets. The work of the Irish folklorists, and the translations of Dr. Hyde and of an earlier poet, the village schoolmaster, Edward Walsh, began to affect her, however, soon after the publication of "Shamrocks"; and the best of "Ballads and Lyrics" and cuckoo songs have the freedom from rhetoric, the simplicity and the tenderness, though not the passion, of the Gaelic poets. Such avowed imitations as "The Red Haired Man's Wife" and "Gramachree" are interesting, but scarcely so interesting as the poems in which she has assimilated the spirit, without copying the letter, of folk-song, and of these none are more touching than "Sheep and Lambs" from "Legends and Lyrics."

"All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening,
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry.
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains,
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame,
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought of the Lamb of God."

Her best and her most popular book will probably be the forthcoming "Miracle Plays," for her best inspiration has ever come from Catholic belief, and to give an excellent expression to the ancient symbols is to be for a delight and a comfort to many ardent and dutiful spirits.

The work of the two latest of Irish poets, Miss Nora Hopper and A. E., is, upon the other hand, wholly without any exclusively Catholic, or even Christian feeling. The little songs between the stories in Miss Hopper's "Ballads in Prose" sing, with a symbolism drawn from mythology and folklore, of a pagan fairy world where good and evil, denial and affirmation, have never come, are full of a perception of the spirit without any desire for union with the spirit, have at all times a beautiful, alluring, unaspiring peace; and there is no better mood and manner for songs of the fairies, who must sing in a like fashion themselves. A. E.'s "Homeward: Songs by the Way" embody, upon the other hand, a continual desire for union with the spirit, a continual warfare with the world, in a symbolism that would be wholly personal but for an occasional word out of his well-loved "Upanishads." No voice in modern Ireland is to me as beautiful as his; and this may well be because the thoughts about the visible and invisible, and the passionate sincerity, of the essays and stories, had long held me under their spell when his poems came as a delight and a surprise; but I am nearly convinced that it is because he, more than any, has a subtle rhythm, precision of phrase, an emotional relation to form and colour, and a perfect understanding that the business of poetry is not to enforce an opinion or expound an action, but to bring us into communion with the moods and passions which are the creative powers behind the universe; that though the poet may need to master many opinions, they are but the body and the symbols for his art, the formula of evocation for making the invisible visible. The spirit, he writes in the last number of that little Dublin mystical magazine which publishes his poems and his coloured symbolic pictures, "cannot be argued over" or spoken "truly of from report." "It will surely come to those who wait in trust, a glow, a heat in the heart announcing the awakening of the fire. And as it blows with its mystic breath into the brain, there is a hurtling of visions, a brilliance of lights, a sound of great waters vibrant and musical in their flowing, and murmurs from a single yet multitudinous being." He is describing a mystical state, but one which differs in degree, and not in kind, from the state of poetical inspiration. He says also, and this time thinking probably more of poetic utterance in the ordinary sense, "every word which really inspires is spoken as if the golden age had never passed away," and surely criticism, even criticism of life, is of the fall and the fatal tree; and bids all believers cast away "the mood of the martyr," and put on "a mood at once gay and reverent, as beseems those who are immortal"; and his own songs, but for a little sadness, were no other than like his precept. Certainly he often sings of that energy "which is eternal delight," as in this from among the new poems in the American edition (published by Thomas B. Mosher) of "Homeward: Songs by the Way."

"We must pass like smoke or live within the spirit's fire,
For we can no more than smoke unto the flame return,
If our thought has changed to dream or will unto desire,
As smoke we vanish, though the fire may burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the grey dusk of our days;
Surely here is soul; with it we have eternal breath:
In the fire of love we live or pass by many ways,
By unnumbered ways of dream to death."

Dr. Todhunter and Mr. Aubrey De Vere are but slightly related to the Irish lyrical movement of to-day, for the bulk of their work is of a past time, and but little of it is Irish in subject or temperament, or written under an Irish influence. In the case of the elder man, Mr. Aubrey De Vere, the part that is Irish in subject is often alien in form. His "Red Branch Heroes" are knights and wear armour, while his telling of "Naisi's Wooing" and of "The Children of Lir" is of a Tennysonian-Wordsworthian elaboration which lets most of the old wine flow out. "The Bard Ethell" and "The Wedding of the Clans" are, however, a perfect marriage of meaning and form, and here and there a lyric like "The Little Black Rose" is at once quaint and beautiful.

The alien manner of much of the rest is perhaps due mainly to the small number of the old epics, lyrics, and folk-tales which were translated, and the small amount of old custom which was expounded when Mr. De Vere was forming his style; but something may be due to a defect of genius, for he seems to me, despite his noble placidity, his manifold and moving exposition of Catholic doctrine and emotion, but seldom master of the inevitable words in the inevitable order, and I find myself constantly distinguishing, when I read him, between that calculable, considered, intelligible and pleasant thing we call the poetical, and that incalculable, instinctive, mysterious, and startling thing we call poetry. Dr. Todhunter, writing later than Mr. De Vere, and with plentiful epics and lyrics and folk-tales to inspire him, has thought out a couple of curious metres, and with their help retold "The Children of Lir" and "The Sons of Turaun," with little loss of meaning, but also with little rhythmical impulse. His "Banshee," a personification of Ireland, in some sixty irregular, rhymeless lines, is still his best.

"An aged desolation,
She sits by old Shannon's flowing,
A mother of many children,
Of children exiled and dead;

In her home, with bent head, homeless,
Clasping her knees she sits,
Keening, keening!

And at her keene the fairy-grass
Trembles on dun and barrow;
Around the foot of her ancient crosses
The grave-grass shakes and the nettle swings;
In haunted glens the meadow-sweet
Flings to the night-wind
Her mystic mournful perfume;
The sad spearmint by holy wells
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SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

Mr. Eyre-Todd's new volume in his edition of the Scottish Poets overtakes the Anglo-Scottish poets of the Seventeenth Century—Sir Robert Aytoun, Sir David Murray, Sir Robert Ker, Sir William Alexander, the Marquis of Montrose, and Drummond of Hawthorneden,—and the Temples of Beltrees who carried on the traditions of the Scottish vernacular muse. In his general introduction, Mr. Eyre-Todd continues his useful linking of the literature of the period which has so marked his whole series. When James VI. crossed the Border, the influences of England, and of English poetry, then at its zenith, acted to throw the Scots tongue out of fashion, and to mould the literature on Southern models. Naturally, such poetry lay with the gentlemen, adventurers, courtiers, men of affairs and men of action; and its bulk was small. The cases of William Drummond and the Temples were different; Drummond devoting a studious life to poetry, and the Temples, in the course of an anyhow life, seizing upon and immortalizing the humour and colour of the Scottish character. Mr. Eyre-Todd is doing an excellent work.

D. S. MELDRUM.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.†

There is a singular charm about these simple memoirs written by an old lady of eighty for the benefit of her grandchildren. The Duchesse de Gontaut had been through two revolutions and twice suffered exile with the Bourbons, to whose service her life was so loyally devoted; but the misfortunes and vicissitudes through which she had passed left her unsoured, and in the whole of these two large volumes there is not a spiteful sentence or a touch of bitterness. Of her enemies she says as little as possible, and of her friends she sees only the virtues. She admirably represents the best side of the world in which she lived, a narrow world, no doubt, bounded by the palace walls, and not possessing many ideas, but abounding in amiability and good breeding and genuine human kindness. To serve God, honour the king, and do her duty in the sphere of life to which she was called—this was her ideal, and she acted up to it with a devotion which even those who do not share it are bound to admire. From her infancy she was closely connected with the Court, but it was not till the Restoration that she became officially part of it as the *gouvernante* of the Children of France, the son and daughter of the Duc du Berri. It was an honourable but onerous position which she held till 1834, four years after the final expulsion of the Bourbons from France, and at this date the memoirs close. For the period they cover—from 1773 to 1834—they afford a most interesting picture of the inner life of the French Court, at home and in exile, as seen by one who had the best possible opportunities for observing it. It is a picture from which, no doubt, the darker shadows are lovingly excluded, but it is none the less true as far as it goes, and the point of view from which it is taken, apart from its own charm, is the more worthy of attention in that it is so often ignored.

* 'Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.' Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. (Glasgow: War, Hodge and Co.)

† 'Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut.' Translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

YOUNG OFEG'S DITTIES.*

This is an interesting book from at least three points of view. Hansson is unknown to English readers, and it is always stimulating to meet with a new mental accent. Then he bears very little resemblance to the Scandinavians we have been reading of late years, Ibsen, Björnnson, and Strindberg. We have not material enough yet to enable us to rank him; but one volume is evidence enough that to beauty of form, to the literary qualities which have been recognised in all ages, he pays a good deal more attention than do those of his compatriots that are known to us. Thirdly, he has evidently influenced George Egerton a great deal; but she has not imitated his brevity. It would be quite possible to open the ditties—short poems in prose—and, choosing passages at hazard, declare the book to be undiluted rubbish. There is a great deal of morbid stuff in it, and a great deal of fine-sounding emptiness; and this kind of thinly allegorical prose-poetry at its worst is of all things in the world the easiest to write, and has, too, a fatal attraction for weak and immature minds. But a hasty judgment based on such passages would be wrong. Hansson is a poet with something to say. What he has to say is a note of revolt against the tyranny of the world, of tradition, and of custom over the individual, an assertion of the right of the individual to live its own life, and a cry of scorn over the dulness and stupidity of doing anything else. He says it often in a bitter, ill-tempered, and conceited fashion; but he says it with sincerity; and those will not condemn altogether who have felt the galling bonds. It is a lonely, unsocial spirit, and most folks will shiver at it; but they will be only unimaginative if they call it altogether affected. Hansson is original because he is individual, not because he brings any new doctrine in his hand. He reminds you of other writers at every turn, of others whom he has probably never read. Thoreau was healthier, and his temper, if not a whit more polite, was less vicious; but their point of view is not far apart. Anything more unlike the style and tone of the mild protests and aspirations in 'Two Essays on the Remnant,' it would be impossible to imagine; but Hansson and John Eglinton are in the same movement. As to his form—well, imagine a sick, world-weary Hans Andersen.

The fifth ditty is perhaps the best as sample of the virtues and vices of his style. "When wine began to lose its flavour, and Eve lost her one front tooth, I was seized with the desire to solve the enigma of life. I spent five years dissecting a fly's leg, for I had heard that one must seek the great in the infinitesimal, and that the manifold scheme of creation lay in one blade of grass; but when at the end of five years I took a rest and lifted my eyes to the heavens, I discovered I was sitting in a hole deep down in the ground, and that I had lost sight of the whole world, and that it was only with difficulty that I could catch a glimpse of a strip of blue sky by straining back my head." He tries other advice. An old wise man taught him that absolutely no materials were needed to build up one's house other than the mathematical lines of pure reason. "So I hammered away right merrily, and it went apace like a noiseless dance. But one day a tiny zephyr wafted by, and the whole concern fluttered away, and I watched it floating in the air like a rift of gossamer." The joyful discovery he made at last may, or may not, seem very valuable. Here it is: "I saw in my soul's dawning a blossom, the great half-opened blossom of a strange flower. And of this flower there is only one stock, and it is *my* blood that waters its roots, and the plant grows *inside*, invisible to all but me. But I know that when the blossom opens I shall find at its core the great Unknown." We have to thank George Egerton for having made so literary and so readable a translation.

THE DUC DE LAUZUN.†

This was not the famous Duc de Lauzun, but his sister's great-grandson, one of the Gontaut-Birons, who assumed the title in 1766. Born in 1747, and living on into the

* 'Young Ofeg's Ditties.' By Ola Hansson. Translated from the Swedish by George Egerton. Keynotes Series. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

† 'The Duc de Lauzun and the Court of Louis XV.' From the French of G. Maugras. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

Revolution, he is a person of no importance whatever, save as a type of the fairly respectable courtier and man of pleasure. He moved in the very highest French and English society, was known and liked by everybody, had been a pet of Mme. Pompadour and Choiseul (his uncle), did a little soldiering in Corsica, acted in charades, etc., etc. Though his assurance and tact were undoubted, he was probably too shallow to write good memoirs, otherwise they might have been interesting.

In 1821 appeared what professed to be his memoirs or autobiography. They were at once denounced as a forgery, and suppressed. In all these cases we find a marvellous story to account for the discovery and subsequent loss of the "original MS." Here it was said that Queen Hortense—but the tale is really not worth repetition. M. Maugras, with the usual complaisance of an author who sees his way to putting a new book upon the market, warmly espouses the authenticity of the Memoires. His flimsy arguments fail entirely to convince us that a clever, brilliant, courteous, chivalrous gentleman could for no earthly object have toiled and drudged to compose such an interminable, tedious, and vulgar treatise.

M. Maugras has not attempted to reprint the Memoires, but has tried to "make a book" out of them. He has signally failed. Moreover, though we could not suspect it from his title-page, his book only goes down to 1774, and closes with a hint of a second dose to follow. To his preface is appended this note: "P.S. In the translation certain omissions and alterations have been sanctioned by the author." This is oracular. The tone of the work is very un-French, unless M. Maugras is a professor at a Lycée or ladies' seminary. Goody platitudes and moral reflections are sandwiched in among the anecdotes, and the amours (which formed the staple of the Memoires) are cut down, or glossed over in the best morning-governess style, which is a very nasty, hypocritical one. Can this have possibly seen the light in Paris, or is it the pious work of the Bowdlerian translator? Taking the English edition as it stands it is clear that M. Maugras could find precious little to extract from the Memoires. Lauzun remains a mere lay figure. M. Maugras, who has evidently considerable knowledge of the period, has taken much pains to expand by quotations from Mme. Du Deffand, Walpole, and other writers. His genealogical notes are copious and interesting, though many names are rather oddly spelt in this edition. However the book contains nothing new or valuable. Many of the clever sayings recorded are incredibly weak, and the general picture of aristocratic life and amusements is a gloomy one—the strangest childishness, unrest, and futility. However there is a certain amount of pleasant reading in the book. It is refreshing to hear a good word for the Choiseuls, the Pompadour, the Du Barry, and the King, for after all they had their bright sides. The book is handsomely got up, and there is a charming youthful portrait of Lauzun.

Y. Y.

FROM LEISURE HOURS.*

It takes more than talent to make a book of this kind of passable interest. Character, individuality, humour, are essential; otherwise no more nauseating kind of literature exists. Mrs. Fuller Maitland's is so good that it may set a fashion among leisurely ladies and gentlemen of cultivated tastes, which would be a pity. The plan and form look so delusively easy and casual; the matters recorded are such as come into most experiences; the abundant quotations so conveniently fill space; and the delightful opportunities for self-examination and revelation are so numerous. In point of fact the book may have been made out of casual jottings, but if so, they have been rigidly selected; the subjects, neighbours, books, flowers, likes and dislikes, are familiar enough in most lives. But it so happens that Bethia Hardacre was not merely a lady of nice tastes, but of real if not overpoweringly strong originality, and gifted as few are with literary charm. It is the flavour in her matter, the tone of voice as she here "chronicles small beer" that reconciles us to these placid extracts from a leisurely, uneventful life. Then, she is a good deal more interested in her interests than in herself; her opportunities of analysing her soul and her temperament are only scantily used.

The book forms a kind of narrative. Characters appear and reappear, and stand out as life-like as they could in any novel. Clara St. Quintin, the heavy, emotional, obtuse flirt, is capital. Antony, the good and modest young man, open to the least subtle of feminine flattery; Professor Hardacre, the shrewd, genial humorist, vanishing desperately at the sight of the gushing, obtuse Clara, are figures so admirably suggested that when Mrs. Fuller Maitland chooses to write fiction she may be sure of a welcome. Bethia is a woman of studious tastes, with a passion for flowers, and for old books that deal with flowers. The extracts from her favourite Herbals are charming, and her lists of old-fashioned names for familiar flowers are in themselves enough to attract an eager company to her book. She likes to lead her own life, has an unaggressive individuality of her own, but her family play a great part in her existence and her thoughts; and the shrewd, critical temper which she shares with her uncle, the professor, is not deadening to her affections. A love story is vaguely and delicately suggested at the end; half humorous and half sentimental generalities on life and human nature follow hard on her observation of her neighbours and of her garden; pictures of material and of dream landscapes are here and there finally pencilled. Then she is a poet, choosing by preference old-world shapes for her verse, a sweet and courtly formality which alike forbids all violent sentiment and wordy nonsense. The poems have an antiquated charm about them, but one in more modern strain, "The land of love," surpasses the rest.

> "Love is a precinct, not a god,
> Starlit and paved with flower-sown sod.
>
> Love is a maze, where ingress lies;
> Secret from all but lovers' eyes.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Love is a clime transfigured oft—
> Storm, calm, fierce blasts, and airs most soft.
>
> (And blinding, baffling mists that rise
> Veiling flowered lawns and starry skies.)
>
> Love is a land beneath a spell,
> Where fairies and magicians dwell."

A woman should write such a book better than a man; for the leisurely philosophy of everyday things and emotions she has greater opportunity, if the needed talents be not denied to her. We will confess we have not read every page of Mrs. Maitland's, though we have been charmed and captivated by her Bethia. Not a little part of the beauty of it is that it allows you to put it down without weariness, promising yourself a quiet, friendly half-hour with it another day.

* "Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre." By Ella Fuller Maitland. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE POEMS OF AUBREY DE VERE.*

> "I taught the heart of the boy to revel
> In tales of old greatness that never tire,
> And the virgin's up-springing from earth's low level,
> To wed with heaven like the altar fire."

So Mr. Aubrey de Vere makes the Bard Ethell sing—it is a habit of his to make his bards express for him his own ideals of song. For the honour of valour, pure love, and piety does the bard exist, according to him. If other emotions visit him they had best not be given tongue. The poet should not be a mere mirror to the world, but should reflect only what the world will be the better for seeing again in its own image. So in dealing with old stories a little paternal revision, he thinks, is permissible to make them the more exemplary to moderns; though in this respect he probably sins, if sin it be, with a clearer intention than Tennyson, and not so deeply, as a rule. In "Odin the Man," it is true, he has made a terribly self-conscious, English nineteenth-century hero; the Pagan warrior becomes a muscular Christian of the pattern of thirty years ago. But though his diction is always smooth, and often tame, his admiration

* "Selections from the Poems of Aubrey de Vere." Edited with a Preface by George Edward Woodberry. (Macmillan.)

for antique vigour and valour is too real for his warriors to be altogether of the carpet-knight and missionary order. He is a great lover of romance: doughty deeds, self-sacrifice, guileless love, hold his imagination and his heart as strongly as they have held any in this generation; and perhaps he made himself into a poet to give them expression. But as soon as you have drawn the distinction between romanticist and poet you find your pains are lost, for he stands on both sides. It is true, he is little of a lyric poet for these days. There are "The Little Black Rose" and the pretty "Marriage Song," but they have not many companions of equal charm. A lyrical quality appears now and again in his narrative poems—in "The Sons of Usnach" frequently, and more rarely in the less satisfactory "Children of Lir." And if his verse has not the ring of song, a beauty and delicacy of phrase raises him again and again from the mere lover of beautiful stories to the seer of visions, the poet. But in spite of a general excellence, it is in passages widely separated that his best power is revealed, and to impatient readers he is, for all his tales of fighting and prowess, just a little slow. It is seldom we get from him so wakeful a strain as that in "Oiscen and St. Patrick."

"I sang the things I loved: the fight;
The chance inspired that all decides;
That pause of death, when Fate and Flight
Drag back the battle tides.

. . . . . .

And some could hear a sobbing wind
Among my chords; and some would swear
They heard that kiss of branch and wind
That lulled the wild deer's lair!

. . . . . .

My stately music I rehearsed
On shadowing cliffs, when, far below,
In rolled the moon-rocked wave, and burst,
And changed black shores to snow.

But now I tread a darker brink;
Far down, unfriendlier waters moan;
And, now, of vanished times I think;
Now, of that bourn unknown.

. . . . . .

Say, Patrick, of the mystic lore,
Shall I, when this old head lies low,
My Oscar see, and Fionn, once more,
And race beside that Doe?"

If he had always sung in this vital strain there would be no occasion to ask why Aubrey de Vere has not the fame he deserves. He has lulled us now and again when he should have stirred; his sonnets are often prosy; but who in our day, of the lesser bards, has sung so consistently heroic and so pure a note? There should be more honour for so good a teller of fine tales than has yet been accorded to him. It is an American who has now performed the pious duty of selection. Save that he might in a few cases—at least in "The Sons of Usnach"—have given the poems entire, even at the sacrifice of the memorial verses at the end, the selection could not be bettered for the poet's honour and our enjoyment.

NELSON.*

An unassuming, undictatorial, business-like narrative is Mr. Laughton's, but it has not been compiled merely for the reference shelf. You must read it as a whole, and with careful comparison to many books of its kind before you see its best points, which it does not make in any ostentatious way. There is a noticeable, and probably a characteristic, omission. No final chapter sums up the virtues and vices, the powers and weaknesses of his subject in stereotyped fashion. Mr. Laughton perhaps did not see his way to do that with absolute precision, and very likely he thinks neat summaries of large and somewhat unaccountable natures useless and misleading. Then, a fervent patriot and hero-worshipper may find the tone chilly, for the biographer fills his space with facts rather than rhapsodies. Notwithstanding both omissions—that of a general portrait and a prevailing enthusiasm—by briefly and aptly annotating sayings and incidents Mr. Laughton has left as vivid an impression of the real Nelson as anyone not a great dramatist is likely to give us. In the same way, we find no detailed account of the state of the British navy as Nelson found it and left it, but by shrewd remarks on the outstanding naval leaders of the time, by practical description of the condition of this and that ship, and by discussion of this and the other theory of tactics as these come into the actual story, we get a clearer notion of the world in which Nelson moved and ruled than is generally given by much lengthier dissertations. This method of presenting general impressions through the skilful arrangement of salient facts, a method needing a large knowledge and a fine sense of proportion, is an admirable one for a historian and biographer. And it is not superfluous to call attention to Mr. Laughton's mastery of it, for it is not a showy gift, and rhetoric and empty generalisations find readier acknowledgment. It is true that Nelson, more than most men of action, needs imaginative treatment. But imaginative treatment in the past has done his memory wrong, and before it seeks to illuminate him again Mr. Laughton's work of clearing away the absurdities, the sentimentalities, and the inaccuracies that had gathered about him, needed to be done. The work has left the hero not too stript and bare to be a very stalwart man.

Of course the Lady Hamilton story had to be told again. The biographer demolishes some old legends concerning it, and proves that the fair lady had always a formidable rival in Nelson's country. "There is a common idea that his passions detained him at Naples to the neglect of his duty. This is erroneous. He made Naples his headquarters because he was ordered to do so, to provide for the safety of the kingdom and to take measures for the reduction of Malta." And his biographer goes on to show how fully employed was his time there. By quotations from letters he suggests that Nelson's marriage was not exactly a love-match, and to the wife's chilly, neglected virtue he is very indifferent. He also thinks it probable that Lady Hamilton's former character and history were unknown to Nelson. So much does he do for the hero. But the fact that Nelson accepted the hospitality, friendship, and trust of Sir William Hamilton he makes no great effort to palliate. There may be extenuating circumstances; he suggests one or two. "But the position is a psychological puzzle which does not admit of any quite satisfactory solution." On the whole, he thinks it better to leave Nelson to bear the brunt of his offence. Where he seems to go wrong is in his valuation of Lady Hamilton. The blacksmith's daughter who had risen to be a Queen's confidante, an ambassador's wife, and a brilliant figure in society, had powers in her as great as her beauty. She had intellect and tact that served the State at least to a larger extent than Mr. Laughton will own. That she clamoured for recognition, that her ways were theatrical, that she grew fat and greedy, that she had been immoral, cannot disprove this.

What shines through like a great light in this, as in every other in any way reliable biography of Nelson, is the fact that he made his way, and ruled, and won by qualities that make their way and win in the common world. The great men of action have such hard tasks set them, such large interests to serve, that we commonly think they see things in totally different perspective, and regard with indifference the ordinary feelings of humankind; that their subordinates must seem to them but as pawns. That is not the way with the greater ones, not even with "le petit caporal," who, however inhumanly he regarded kings and States, wrung affectionate adherence from his men. Nelson was worshipped and followed and obeyed because he had no exaggerated ideas about the sanctity of law and order. His sailors were well fed, their exercises were intelligent and interesting, they were never worried by useless discipline; it was taken for granted they were fine fellows and ready for hardship, and as a natural consequence they responded to his expectations. Of course no genius is a martinet, and all commanders are not geniuses. More is the pity. Perhaps the only essential of any man who is given large authority over the work and play, the meat and drink, the incomings and outgoings of a multitude of full-grown men, is that he should be a genius. Like every other great nature Nelson explodes a pedagogic precept

* "Nelson." By John Knox Laughton. English Men of Action. (Macmillan.)

or two. That no one is fitted to command who has not learnt to obey is one of those sayings of restricted truth that have been found of most convenient force in the nursery. Mr. Laughton, of course, feels bound to repeat it in his own words, and to shake his head because Nelson snapped his fingers at authority, cocked his blind eye at signals, and did what seemed good to himself. But a genial reader will not think the great man's example subversive of all morality, the punishment for stupid disobedience lying ever nigh to the offence. A. M.

FIFE: PICTORIAL AND HISTORICAL.*

"Farewell to Scotland, I'm awa' to Fife" is a chronic ebullition of Scottish "wut," in view of the claim of Fife to be a kingdom. In his "Fife: Pictorial and Historical," Mr. Millar gives to this claim an ancient authority, resting it upon a more historical basis than the separation of the county from the rest of Scotland by the Forth and the Tay. That was not required to justify him in giving the county two large volumes all to itself. The peculiarly "kenspeckle" character of its inhabitants would have done that, had any justification been necessary, which it was not. Lying at the heart of the country, and yet separated from it, Fife has a history more than ordinarily instructive as a comment upon the larger question of the national life and progress. Its insular position kept it aloof from the civil broils which elsewhere were draining the country's resources; and its extensive seaboard invited intercourse with the more civilised South. During the centuries when Scotland was a battlefield, the war-cloud that hung low upon it lifted above this little corner, and allowed the sun of prosperity to shine forth. Thus Fife was in the van of progress. Its people were a mixture of races, though, if one is wise, he will not risk getting into hot water with local and other authorities by stating how that mixture is composed. At all events, it made for barter, and in the archives of the burgh towns, we believe, there still lies, waiting resurrection, a mass of most interesting evidence upon the pride of trading in earlier days. At the same time Fife was never allowed to be out of touch with the greater events of the national history: with a Royal Palace at Dumfermline, a hunting seat at Falkland, and an ecclesiastical and learned Capital at St. Andrews, that was impossible. One has only to look through the names of the county families to learn how much Fife blood was drained in national enterprises, and the coast-burghs still keep salt the deeds of the merchant-adventurers. And if Fife was not so rich in eminent men—in statecraft and war and literature—as Mr. Connolly would have us believe, it has always been, as it is now, fortunate in its association with men of distinction who do not themselves belong to it.

These remarks, it may be admitted, reflect the enthusiasm of a Fifer rather than the temper in which Mr. Millar approaches his work. He is not to be turned away from his judicious attitude; and is as little to be tempted by the opportunities which his subject affords for picturesque sketching. That has been done plentifully and ably in recent years, and by as diverse hands as Dr. Æneas McKay in his History—an introduction, let us hope, to a larger one,—and Mr. Geddie, whose delightful "Fringes of Fife" appeared last year. Mr. Millar's is a different work. It is a county history of the kind with which we are more familiar in England than in Scotland. The "Statistical Accounts," of course, help to make up for the want of them in the latter country; but in the nature of things the "Statistical Accounts," being the work of many hands, and subject to varying degrees of competency, are very unequal and imperfect. In them, however, Fife receives very adequate treatment; and there have been several Histories of the County on the same lines—Sibbald's, for example, which for all its imperfections is invaluable, and Leighton's, a much later work, although it appeared half a century ago. To these Mr. Millar's is a worthy successor. There are in it many facts, and, still more so, many deductions, from which there will be dissent: our own local knowledge enables us to detect several errors, though none of them of a serious kind. And we are far from looking upon it as the last word on Fife that is to be spoken. There remains to be written, if only the man could be found to write it, a history in which the materials discovered for us by Mr. Millar in each parish should be collated—as he himself has collated the evidences on Population, Valuation, Geology, Mineralogy, and many more,—and the life of the county drawn in broad and consequent lines. But it is not too much to say that the work which Mr. Millar has done with such infinite patience, and as no other person we can think of could have done it, was necessary before such a history could be undertaken. Undoubtedly his will be the book of reference on Fife for many years to come.

It would be ungracious not to acknowledge the share of the publishers, Messrs. Westwood and Son, of Cupar-Fife, in the production of these handsome volumes. It appears that they have long entertained the idea of undertaking a history of their native county; and they are to be congratulated on the manner in which they have realized it. By purchasing the copyright of "The Shores of Fife," and adding to the engravings therein sketches and photographic reproductions, they have ably supplemented Mr. Millar's work.

* "Fife: Pictorial and Historical." By A. H. Millar, F.S.A., Scot. 2 vols. Cupar-Fife. (A. Westwood and Son.)

MRS. LYNN LINTON'S WARNING.*

The title suggests only a trifling portion of this stirring, vigorous novel. The hasty marriage of a boy and girl, repented of through the rest of their lives, is an episode which might have been exchanged for a dozen others without making much difference to the unity or the probability of the story. There is, however, in the name a fair description of Mrs. Linton's methods when dealing with the features of modern life she dislikes. Like all persons of quick instincts, her opinions are formed in a flash. Unlike many of them, she is not capricious; once having hold of her opinion she sets about gathering corroboration in the most painstaking way. To the women whose clubs, platforms, opinions, and cigarettes she strongly disapproves, she pays at least the compliment of study. If she goes wrong it is not for want of industrious observation, or because she lumps all the offenders together. Few of us will have known before how divergent are the schemes and aims in the New Woman movement, or have noted the fine divisions between the sects. It is not of yesterday and the day before she writes, but of the present hour, present fashions, present complications. It was easy to satirise what was called the Enfranchisement of Women twenty years ago—you knew the advocates by the uncompromising ugliness of their garments, the downright, aggressive, unadorned fashion of speech; they formed a race apart. Now it would seem they are everywhere; under the most insinuating, tender smile propaganda may be working. Parisian toilettes are part of the necessary powder and shot for the "cause." In the highest circles, the remotest country places, you are not safe from attack. The army is recruited from all the faddists, and its discipline is of so easy a kind that loose manners and morals are more at home under its protection than anywhere else. It finds a use for every weakness; vanity is its recruiting sergeant. So, by a crowd of characters, very skilfully drawn many of them, does Mrs. Linton endeavour to set forth the motives and aims of the disastrous upheaval of society she is watching. Her vigour and point are often admirable; and partisans of the new order must be startled to find that an enemy so knowing in fine shades and so observant of details has been on the lookout.

The most obvious weakness of the book is the choice of a heroine. Phoebe Barrington was, we are told, ruined by the evil example and the fatal emancipatory opportunities given her by the Excelsiorites, that is, the adherents of everything new in the realm of feminine ideals. But we cannot believe it. She was a little minx, who married clandestinely at sixteen, lied shamelessly to her mother, surrendered her youthful husband with cold reproaches when the angry parents turned up, who neglected her child, and was selfish and mean in every relation of life, long before she met the advanced ladies. Thoroughly worthless, she would have come to a bad end in any other milieu; as

* "In Haste and at Leisure." By E. Lynn Linton. 6s. (Heinemann.)

wife and mother she would have been hateful; on the stage she would have succumbed to whatever temptations it offers; in the missionary field or the cloister she would have found the means of depravity. There is a less obvious weakness, but a more important one; and it must be recognised by many who acknowledge the truth of a good deal of Mrs. Linton's observation. Suppose that mythical personage, a philosopher in the affairs of daily life, were to examine her picture. Suppose him indifferent to results, as we cannot be; he would probably at the end of his scrutiny shake his head and say something was omitted. He would have seen many silly and many bad women making fools of themselves and disturbing the world in a very inconvenient and painful manner. But he would have also observed a certain reality in their revolt, and noted that it was very widespread; and he would ask, What is the meaning of it? Mrs. Linton has her answer pat. Self-indulgence and vanity. But the philosophical observer might answer. Then it will pass, be transformed into another shape, which, perhaps, liking a little better, you will think less dangerous. If it be serious, then it has a meaning and a cause you have not explained or acknowledged, and these vain, vulgar-minded women of your picture are not the chief combatants, but mere rowdy camp-followers, with the irresponsible manners and morals of such.

She does well to hit hard at many silly features of modern life. They exist not only in her imagination, but in reality. Only, perhaps she hates too bitterly to be a good satirist and an effective censor.

NOVEL NOTES.

ALMAYER'S FOLLY. A Story of an Eastern River. By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Unwin).

"Almayer's Folly" stands far apart from the common run of novels. Why it does not take its place among those of first-rate power and excellence is difficult to say with any precision, for indeed it has great qualities, picturesqueness, poetry, deep human sympathy, restraint, and literary ability of a very marked kind. It is the story of a Dutchman, an Asiatic Dutchman, who spends his life among the Malays, the only white man on the coast. He is born under an evil star; ill luck dogs him; his Malay wife is a savage; his fortunes are spent; and every new enterprise brings deeper disappointment; he lives in the midst of jealousy, ill-will, and intrigues. Only in his daughter does he see hope and rest for his soul. And she, though educated among whites, and though beautiful, with the thoughtful beauty of her father's people, falls back slowly under her mother's influence and the spell of Malay instincts, and leaves Almayer in his misery and destitution for the man she loves, the Tuan Dain, a rich trader-prince. Almayer's last days are spent in a despairing effort to forget her, and Death at last comes to his aid. A bald summary is the most unsuitable way of presenting any idea of the book, which is vague, and subtle, and mysterious, and whose story is rather told by suggestion than in asserted fact. Almayer, the weak and pathetic central character, Abdullah the crafty, Nina the silent, passionate, uncompromising girl, are all finely and unerringly portrayed, though human nature has not in Mr. Conrad so powerful a painter as have the wood, the river, the Eastern sky by night and day. Beautiful, delicate, and sympathetic is his work when it deals with the out-of-door world. What is wrong with "Almayer's Folly"? In bits it is excellent and earns instant admiration. As a whole it is a little wearisome. The author is intensely interested in his subject, pities profoundly the weak, luckless Almayer; but he gives you the idea of muttering the story to himself. It is indeed hard to follow, and the minor characters are very hard to distinguish till the story is well advanced. The action drags. He stops to describe in what should be breathless dramatic moments. The style has beauty, but it lacks swiftness. The slow, vague, mysterious East has cast its spell over Mr. Conrad, with results not conducive to the interest of volatile European readers. But he has written pages of singular fascination.

A COMEDY IN SPASMS. By "Iota." Zeit-Geist Library. 1s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The title is a mystery even at the end of the story. The heroine, a young Australian, has bouts of deep discontent, which perhaps gave her physical pain, but as a rule she is level-headed and not at all excitable. Titles are trifling matters, however. On the whole "Iota" has put better work into this book than into her others; it will probably raise her worth in the esteem of critical readers, though it may not reach the popularity of "A Yellow Aster." The story itself is interesting. The young Australian, beautiful, practical, energetic, admiring above all things physical force and comeliness, finds a way out of pecuniary difficulties weighing on her family by marriage with an intelligent, upright, spirited man. But he is physically weak, and a martyr to headaches. He is worth ten of her, and she dimly guesses it, but is too much of a young savage to grasp the idea openly. Meanwhile the young Adonis and Hercules combined, who had hitherto been unavailable, turns up free. Writhing in her bonds, she would have burst them had it not been for the virtue of Hercules-Adonis. So the young beauty and the middle-aged headachy student have to shake down as best they may. There is a curious jumble, as there always is in Iota's books, of good common sense and prejudices, shrewd understanding of human nature and limitation of vision. She is gaining conciseness in the form of her stories; but her caste instincts will always obscure humanity to her.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE. By the Marquis of Lorne. Acme Library. 1s. (Constable.)

The reader must disagree with the noble author about the emergence into sunlight of his hero, his heroine, or of anyone or anything else in the story. A foggier book we have not read for a long time, nor—though it has setting of romantic scenery—a more prosaic. The first part is laid in the Western Isles, for the purpose of instructing the reader, it would seem, about the geology and the land laws (from a benevolently patriarchal point of view) and the habits of the people. As a beautiful young American graciously put up with this instruction, ordinary readers might do so too; but the spirit of it is enough to rouse a devil of contradiction in a Highlander. A native of Putney, he will say, would have been as good an interpreter. This introduction is, however, only for the purpose of presenting the heroine and a ghost. Both turn up again in America, where the ghost takes the shape of a young man with a terrible secret. When this secret is out, and the heroine and the other persons he is most concerned with, say it doesn't matter, sunlight is supposed to stream in. Well, we can only say the end left us much depressed. He had killed or robbed no man; he had made no lawless love, had not cheated at cards, or got into debt, or gambled, or become a pirate. He had gone over to Rome, and then, after offending most of the powers, had turned back again, and thus offended the rest. So he shunned his fellows, which was a good thing, for he was a very dull young man, a theological prig of the deepest dye, and a very queer kind of person to go stalking through the pages of a shilling novelette.

THE CRUCIFIX. A Venetian Phantasy, and other Tales. By Laurence Alma Tadema. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)

Miss Alma Tadema has learnt a great deal of her craft. Of her literary abilities there can be only one opinion, and provided she catch you in the one mood to which she can minister, you must acknowledge the rare charm of her work, as in every mood you will acknowledge its refinement and delicate care. An old crucifix suggests to her imaginative mind scenes of emotional life, love-making, treachery, desertion, despair, exaltation—the episodes, in fact, that in every age have driven souls, weak or strong, to the image of the cross. These scenes form the main part of the book, and separately they are nearly all admirable. "The Woman at the Window," a picture of a middle-aged, hopeless woman, looking out at the life of girls and married people with lonely eyes, while her fierce, bed-ridden mother clamours for her, grudging her the moment or two of sad contemplation, is a sketch of genuine power and beauty. The scenes should not, and perhaps they could not, be read consecutively, and the fact is in some degree condemnatory. They are painted in tones of decay, death, and hopelessness.

The brightest light comes from a kind of irresponsible glee, but it is too rare and thin to give relief. In the end one is almost nauseated. Art has no quarrel with the dark side of life, but a constant quarrel with monotony, which many achieve in their struggle after harmony. Crude colour, mad, violent contrasts are permissible to escape the deadening effect of this one grey tone. Variety may possibly come in the development of the writer's talent; why should it not come to her, even in Venice, by pictures of the gay-coloured, vital past? But, until it comes, her delicate, sensitive, even exquisite pictures will tire us out almost before they have a chance of stimulating us to a keener sense of beauty and spirituality.

HONOUR OF THIEVES. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. (Chatto.)

It is distinctly bad company you have to keep in Mr. Hyne's novel. Financial scoundrels of every dingy shade are assembled there. One of them repents under the influence of love, and one is locked up in Portland prison; but between the two there are other brutes and victims not very edifying to look upon. It isn't a dull book by any means; its rollicking cynicism saves it from dulness; and its short, sharp way of summing up a situation, or describing an adventure, is a sign-mark of vigour. But it is a grimy story of adventure; and even the love-making does not enough cleanse the air. One of the characters is cousin to an old friend. "'If I'd means,' says Kettle, 'there wouldn't be a wholesomer man between here and heaven. I'd have that farm, with cows on it, and sheep, and a steam threshing machine, and I'd ride about the fields on a horse, and boss the hands just like Abraham did. I'd have the farm buildings all painted white, with red roofs; and the house should be painted stone colour, with green shutters, and red flower-pots in the windows. . . The kids—well, I guess I'd send them off to first-class boarding schools first, and pay forty pounds each for them every year so long as there was anything more for them to learn. But they should come to us for the holidays; and in the evenings they and the missis should sing hymns, and I'd play the tunes for them on the accordion.'" The creator of Davis has more than once influenced Mr. Hyne, but the sweetness in "Honour of Thieves," contrasting with the roughness and the villainy, is of poor quality.

FIDELIS. By Ada Cambridge. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

This is the pleasantest story Miss Cambridge has written, though very likely it is not the cleverest. There is a kindly mellow tone about it that warms like the talk of an old friend, even when he is a trifle slow and tame. There are dull passages here—the description of the hero's literary achievements is dull, and the story is loosely, untidily put together. But we are really and humanly interested in the persons of whom it tells—in Adam Drewe, the grotesquely ugly hero with the clever brain and the heart of gold, and in every one of his friends and protégées. His was a very long love-story. An ugly face and modesty stood in the way of his gaining favour with his lady, who married another. He sought and found fortune and made friends, and became beloved in Australia, but always remained unsatisfied. She was not young when he comes back; she was a poor and neglected widow, and completely blind. But he was no stranger. He had written his books for her; and, all unknown to him, she had read their meaning aright. Thenceforward he is wildly happy; and even confident enough of keeping her affection when her sight is restored. Miss Cambridge has convinced us by this rather ill-told story of a deeper understanding and a firmer grasp of human nature than by any of her better-made ones.

THE MARTYRED FOOL. By David Christie Murray. 6s (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Christie Murray has piled the agony here a little too high, or packed it rather too closely. From beginning to end there is a regrettable air of exaggeration about a story which has many excellent points. The five-hundred-mile journey of the child of eight in Australia, and the anarchist plots and outrages in Paris, both strike us as somewhat unreal. We do not disbelieve as we read; only we believe a little less, and otherwise. Apart from this exaggeration the story fills us with admiration. The kind of temper, the training, and the suffering, that go to the making of an inevitable anarchist, are illustrated with unusual insight and vigour in the character of Evan Rhys. The combination of faithful affection with sullenness, of ideal principles with mulish obstinacy, is shown in such a way that we are bound to look with sympathetic regret on the course and the end of his short and tragic life. Mr. Murray's part has been to point out the variousness of human nature, independent of differences of creed and opinion, to show the terrible irreconcileable struggle between those who are above and those who would fight and speak for the ones below, and the pity of it all.

GERALD EVERSLEY'S FRIENDSHIP. By the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This mild and amiable story should make Harrow under Dr. Welldon's sway more popular than ever among the kindly comfortable classes of English society. A headmaster, if he writes a novel at all, is bound to write in moral strain and with full recognition of all the respectabilities; but there is a spontaneous gentleness about 'Gerald Eversley's Friendship,' that pedagogic obligations are not alone responsible for. Parents are the proper judges of such a book. Turned loose in the cruel world of fiction it must have but a poor chance, poorer than Dean Farrar's emotionally religious school stories, for they do appeal to boys, and Dr. Welldon's is perhaps better adapted for their sisters. A cold-blooded, irresponsible critic, not a parent, may feel glad that public-school boys are taught some of the doctrines and sentiments here presented, civilising as these are, and fitting, he may suppose, for the greater number of English boys. But how elementary most of them are, how unstimulating, and how explanatory of that dull, stolid product English schools turn out in such numbers!

MARRIED TO ORDER. By Esmé Stuart. 2 vols. 21s. (H. Cox.)

From the preface we learn that the writer, wandering among the northern dales, discovered the existence of a strange man, who held the title of King of Rothery, and that written records revealed further the history of the title, the family, and the palace now the property of strangers. On the top of this the author has built a story. Our impression is that the opportunity has not been made the most of. Would it not have been better to have made the romance out of the wild, uncouth king, with his poverty-stricken pretensions, among the wild dales, instead of bringing the family with their royal pretensions into the glaring light of London society? However, if the suggestion which the dale legend gave has been used in the least imaginative way, the result is a good story. The Princess's history—if we forget she claims to be princess, and only remember she is an ambitious woman feeling a sacred responsibility to do all she can to further the fortunes of her family—interests and touches us. She had perhaps bought by her own deeds that sad chapter in her life which forms the last in the book, where her husband rejects the love which is born in her too late; but we like her enough to resent for her so unhappy an ending.

THE COMEDY OF CECILIA. By Caroline Fothergill. (Black.)

Here two widely separated ages mysteriously meet. Cecilia is a very modern young woman, intellectual, enlightened, and beautiful, as a matter of course. Her brother and guardian is mediæval and in every way unattractive. He insists on her marriage with another mediæval dullard, her independent fortune depending on her consent, after the story-book fashion of some centuries ago. She refuses, and flies to a sympathetic modern friend, who first backs her up, and then treacherously falls in love with the cruel brother. Finally she marries the solemn dolt, and immediately after the wedding informs him that, having now secured her fortune, she means to do what, and go where, she likes; that she doesn't care a fig for him; and means to have a good time in exactly her own way for evermore. This *spirituel* practical joke is very characteristic of Cecilia, who, in spite of Miss Fothergill's efforts and convictions to the contrary, remains the most ungraceful heroine perhaps in all fiction. Her usual way of expressing emotion is to "choke with laughter," and her repartee is in the style of a fourteen year old schoolboy. But why should it have been better? Her most elementary wit always found such flattering

greetings as "You are delicious!" or "You are satanic! . . . How do you do it?" We have read many poorer novels recently, but none more hobbledehoy.

JOAN HASTE. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

Perhaps Mr. Haggard or another will dramatise "Joan Haste." The main incidents would have a fine scenic effect on the boards; the fall of Graves from the tower, Joan's heroic method of reviving him, the oath of the villain Rock, the confession of Levinger, and the tragic final sacrifice of the heroine, personating her old lover to save him from the maniacal fury of her husband—none of these could fail to be effective. We confess we like our melodrama best in dramatic form. The facts are there before us, and just because no fine-drawn explanations are given, we accept them. But Mr. Haggard is enough of a modern novelist to write as if he had got inside people's hearts and behind their motives, and with a melodramatic plot this is always unfortunate, especially so when you insist on your characters being, save for their histories, everyday kind of folks that you might meet in any railway train. Mr. Haggard, who is skilled in reading the clear-marked lines of savage natures, fails when he tries subtle investigation of his contemporaries and compatriots. Perhaps he is a little too simple-minded. Perhaps he has sought his material not in life but in romances, those of an earlier, more rhetorical generation. At least, while we regard the plot as a most effective melodrama, we don't much like the filling-up. And, indeed, he has piled the agony of the story rather needlessly, even for scenic effect. If Levinger had spoken a little sooner; if Rock had gone mad a little sooner; if—. The fact is, the glamour of Mr. Haggard's romance makes us forget that we are looking at real life; but he insists on playing, with somewhat inappropriate material, the stern realist; and all the explanations which would have established Joan's legitimacy, her heirship, and brought about her marriage with Graves, come too late. That being so, we have to acquiesce in her death as the next best thing. There is a kind of British robustness about Mr. Haggard which we think would be more fitly employed in writing cheerful fiction. If he cannot give up this mournful attitude, let him think of the excellent opening at the present moment on the sentimental stage.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AGED POOR. By Geoffrey Drage. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

This is Mr. Drage's best bit of printed work, and indeed it is a work of great value and convenience to politicians and all practically interested in its subject. It is, on the whole, very impartial, the writer's aim being to examine the present condition of poor law relief, say what can be said for, and what should be said against it, with due array of statistics and examples, and to discuss the various Old Age Pension schemes. The favourable and opposing evidence plan is adhered to consistently throughout, and it is a good one for ordinary persons starting on their career of investigation of a problem as real and important as any before us at the present day. The book can be heartily recommended to serious-minded inquirers as well as to politicians "cramming" for the examination of their constituents.

SOME WORDSWORTH FINDS? Arranged and Introduced by James Medborough. (Unicorn Press)

We have here a most irreverent book. During a stay in the Lake District an unfortunate idea entered Mr. Medborough's head—"the notion of a larger Wordsworth." He was ridiculed by wise persons; even nature was against him, for his voyages of discovery were nearly all made "through snow and slush." But he would go on, and we have the result here. What he calls the "Hawkshead Find" begins harmoniously thus:

"Antaeus' giant selt the vigorous earth
Recuperatingly must sometimes touch."

The three Brathay Finds are harmless, one of them, learnt orally, consisting of,

"Not Waterloo alone."

But the three words are highly suggestive, no doubt, to your true discoverer. One of the Dunmail Raise Finds tells the touching incident of Wordsworth's giving a "coin" to a boy "in lot penurious meanly placed," and how the boy leapt wildly to a shop, "and there to munch the guerdon swift began." This fine sonnet opens in these words,

"Huggins! together London streets we paced."

Another, composed during sea-sickness, is given; and yet another written in a fit of weeping for joy that a "much afflicted Boy" has been snatched "from might of measles." Has some one been practising on the guilelessness of Mr. Medborough—some rude, young, high-spirited parodist? Perhaps not. Though none of the "finds" are good enough to be Wordsworth's, all of them are bad enough to be no one else's. Let us cover them up, lest we commit the sin of Ham.

THE FEMALE OFFENDER. By Prof. Cæsar Lombroso and William Ferrero. With an Introduction by W. Douglas Morrison. Illustrated. (Unwin.)

This is a good translation of one of the most satisfactory if not the most readable of Professor Lombroso's books. It is less anecdotic than usual, and more largely compiled from official statistics. The investigation of skulls of female offenders, of pathological, facial, and cephalic anomalies, of the anthropometry and of the varying acuteness of the senses of women criminals, has been carried on with much thoroughness; and the facts are so clearly stated that expert readers can form conclusions of their own independent of those of the Italian criminologists. One of the most useful features is certainly the photographs of various types of criminals. These bear, in many instances, strong resemblances to respectable members of society. Let not observers of assymmetry or other peculiarities in their neighbours rush, therefore, to wild and uncharitable conclusions. It is a book of material rather than of theory, and, much of the material being the result of medical and other technical investigation, this is not the place to discuss it in detail. Mr. Morrison contributes a prosy preface, but it may be useful in calling attention to the need of carefully differentiating criminals by examination on the lines laid down by Lombroso.

NOTES ON THE DISTRICT OF MENTEITH. For Tourists and Others. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. 1s. (A. and C. Black.)

Mr. Cuningham Graham could not write a commonplace, conventional guide-book. His "Notes" breathe a good deal of his own breezy personality. Sober tourists may, however, buy it with confidence, for it really is what its title proclaims it to be, and contains a great deal of local history and legend, hard to get at otherwise, selected by Mr. Graham from his own wide, intimate knowledge of the countryside and from his family records. It is a pleasant and cheery book to read by river or loch, or by the inn fire of an evening. The author is a hopeful man. On the strength of horses growing used to wire fences, and taking them into account in their grazing, he makes bold to think "all in good time the fairies will get accustomed to changed conditions, and dance as merrily upon the girders of a railway-bridge as formerly upon the grass and tussocks."

COUNTY HISTORIES. The History of Northumberland. By Cadwallader J. Bates. (Stock.) A History of Devonshire. With Sketches of its Leading Worthies. By R. N. Worth. Cheap edition. (Stock.)

Tourists should have some substantial *pièce de resistance* of local lore besides their handy guide-books, and the county histories issued by Mr. Elliot Stock are admirably adapted for the purpose. Of course, these before us have higher aims than to keep a rainbound tourist from flying the district in disgust. Indeed, Mr. Bates's "Northumberland" is a specially scholarly work, the result of years of careful research, and a weighty contribution to English history. "I have given to Northumberland," he says, "the same serious study that I still hope to give to Poland, and in my first nine chapters, at any rate, have traced every rill of history to its fountain-head." The present volume, the epitome of a larger work, aims at being a reliable guide to the history of the county of a size "that the Quaysider from Newcastle can really carry on his bicycle"; but in spite of compression it remains a readable narrative of most romantic events.

Mr. Worth's Devonshire history appeals more directly to pleasure-seekers; its topographical arrangement is convenient for them; and while full of local legend, biography, gossip, and history, it is less severe in aspect, and more sparing in learning. For the dwellers in these parts these books, the best and handiest of their kind yet produced, are indispensable; but many a holiday will be less of a dreary blank in the memory if the volumes form part of its travelling furniture.

A YACHTING CRUISE TO NORWAY. By The Parson and The Lawyer. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

A benevolent interest in the embarrassed tourist at this season would bid us notice some of the travel books that the tourists of last year who enjoyed themselves, pour out on the public so confidingly. Among those that are not guide-books, but propose to give merely attractive suggestions, comes this one, foolish and superfluous from the experienced traveller's point of view, containing nothing an ordinary guide-book would not give more clearly, but written in that good-humoured, confiding strain which, there is no doubt about it, stimulates many travellers to set out a-wandering, to see if they, too, cannot have as good a time. The parson and the lawyer were simple-minded folks, who cruised evidently in a state of delighted surprise at all things foreign. They have thought most things worth mentioning—that "ya" means yes, for instance, and that "Domkirke" somehow means "Cathedral." But their holiday took them into some of the finest parts of Norway; they give a little definite information about ways and means; and the bewildered planner who gets lost in Baedeker may find what he wants in their story.

HISTORY OF THE VALLEY OF THE DEE. By John Mackintosh, LL.D. 3s. 6d. (Taylor and Henderson.)

Dr. Mackintosh was well qualified to write a good book on this subject, from old association with the district and exceptional historical knowledge. He has failed owing to the introduction of a secondary purpose. It is a guide-book he has written. No doubt there were popular temptations, but had he refused to chronicle the present ownership of the various country seats along the valley, and left unrecorded whether the residents were or were not gentlemen of unpretending manners and accessible to strangers, his resistance would have had its own reward. The Valley is of great antiquarian interest. Historically it is teeming with romance. We may be grateful for the stories and legends given here, and yet wish the author had allowed himself space to treat of them less aridly.

A GARDEN OF PLEASURE. By E. V. B. 5s. (E. Stock.)

E. V. B. has written a month-to-month record of her garden's doings. It is not a gardening guide, though there are certainly some practical hints scattered here and there throughout. Neither is it the journal of a systematic botanist or naturalist, though there is a great deal of first-hand observation of flowers and birds and insects. And the garden is not used merely as a field for making moral observations. The moral and poetic sentiments, always delicate and refined, have the appearance of being culled actually in the garden, and as being part of the spirit of the place. E. V. B. illustrates her text, but neither her drawings nor their reproduction can add much to the pleasure which her little book should afford to many simple-minded, open-air readers. She has given excellent advice on the subject of how to make of a garden a near companion.

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSE. By Sir Henry Parkes. 2s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

These are brave verses. Their keynote is in the sonnet "Fourscore."

> "I count the mercifullest part of all
> God's mercies, in this coil of eighty years,
> Is that no sense of being disappears
> Or fails,—I see the signal, hear the call—
> Can calmly estimate the rise and fall
> Of moth-like mortals in this 'vale of tears.'"

The interest in life, in history, in old and new ideals, in England and her colonies, the sense of hopefulness, the love of pure beauty they display, bring a more pleasurable and warmer emotion to one's heart than much more perfect poetry. But no apology is needed for the poetry either. Sir Henry's sonnets have stateliness of form and dignity of theme. Altogether we feel grateful for his inspiriting little volume.

THE HISTORY OF THE AUSTRALASIAN COLONIES. By Edward Jenks. Cambridge Historical Series. (Cambridge Press.)

Books on the colonies are numerous enough now, but this one has a place to itself. First, it is not written specially for the globe-trotter or merely for the politician, and secondly, it is based on serious research amongst documents not commonly accessible. It is written by an Englishman for English readers, but by an Englishman who has spent three years in Australia "living as an Australian amongst Australians." Its style and arrangement are clear and business-like—a trifle dry; it is not, of course, a popular, amusing survey for a lazy sea-voyage mood. But the student, the geographer, the politician, the watcher of social progress under new conditions, will perceive its value. As a mere reference book it is excellent, as we have practically tested. Professor Jenks is something, too, of a philosophical observer; he looks round him at his new home with sympathy which does not exclude a criticism that both Australians and men of the old country will find as useful as it is inoffensive. His attitude is on the whole hopeful respecting the world "standing midway between the use and wont of Europe and the feverish unrest of America."

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BOSCAWEN, W. St. C.—The Bible and the Monuments, 5/- Spottiswoode
DIMOCK, Rev. N.—Dangerous Deceits, an Examination of the Teaching of our Article 31, 3/6 ..... Stock
FALCKENBERG, R.—History of Modern Philosophy, translated by A. C. Armstrong, 16/- ..... Bell
FETHERSTON, Rev. Sir G. R.—A Garden Eastward, and other Sermons, 2/- ..... Skeffington
HUNTER, S. J.—Outlines of Dogmatic Theology, vol. 2, 6/6 Longmans
Manitoulin, or Five Years of Church Work among Ojebway Indians, by H. N. B., 3/- ..... Simpkin
MILNE, J. R.—Doctrine and Practice of the Eucharist, 3/6 .. Longmans
SHREWSBURY, Rev. J. V. B.—One by One, and other Sunday Evening Sermons to an Invalid Daughter, 2/6 ..... Simpkin
SIMPSON, W. J.—Lectures on S. Bernard of Clairvaux, 5/- .... Masters
SPURGEON, C. H.—Twelve Sermons on the Plan of Salvation, 1/- Passmore
WILLIAMS, F. M.—A New Thing, Incidents of Missionary Life in China, 3/6 ..... Partridge

NEW EDITION.

SEELEY, Sir J. R.—Natural Religion, 5/- (Eversley Series) Macmillan

FICTION.

ALDEN, W. L.—Told by the Colonel, 2/- ..... McClure
ALMA TADEMA, L.—The Crucifix ..... Osgood
[*See p.* 176.]
AMYAND, A.—Comrades in Arms ..... Osgood
[*This "military romance," by its evidence of intimate knowledge of soldiers' ways, must find numerous readers. It has a moderate interest for the non-military, but its "shop" is its strong point.*]
BAIN, Mrs. JOSEPH.—Her Beau Ideal, 1/- ..... Digby
[*Crude and unskilful, but an honest, pathetic story, all the same, of a mistake in marriage.*]
BALZAC, H. DE.—At the Sign of the Cat and Racket, translated by C. Bell, 3/6 net. ..... Dent
BARLOW, G.—Woman Regained, 6/- ..... Roxburghe Press
BENSON, E. F.—The Judgment Booth ..... Osgood
CAMERON, Mrs. L.—A Soul Astray, a Novel, 6/- ..... White
CONNELL, F. N.—The House of the Strange Woman, 4/- ..... Henry
CORBETT, Mrs. G.—A Mere Masquerader, 6d. ..... Pearson
DAWE, W. C.—Yellow and White. Keynotes Series, 3/6 ..... Lane
DUVAR, J. H.—Annals of the Court of Oberon, 3/6 ..... Digby
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EDWARDS, F.—These Twelve, 2/6 ..... Alexander & Shepherd
FARRELL, A.—Lady Lovan, 6/- ..... Hutchinson
GLYN, Hon. C.—The Idyll of the Star Flower, an Allegory of Life, 3/6 Nutt
GUNTER, A. C.—The Ladies' Juggernaut, 2/- ..... Routledge
HAGGARD, H. R.—Joan Haste, illustrated, 6/- ..... Longmans
[*See p.* 178.]
HAYCRAFT, M. S.—With a Gladsome Mind, 2/- ..... Kelly
HAYCRAFT, Mrs.—His Rustic Wife, 3/6 ..... Kelly
HOLMES, E.—To-day and To-morrow, 3 vols., 21/- Hurst and Blackett
HUTCHESON, M.—Gardossi's Daughter, 6/- ..... Hutchinson
HUME, FERGUS.—The White Prior, 1/- ..... Warne
[*Ghosts, mania, crime, detection, and successful love combine to make a thrilling novelette.*]
Iota, A Comedy in Spasms, 1/6 ..... Hutchinson
[*See p.* 176.]
JOCELYN, Mrs. R.—Run to Ground, 3/6 ..... Hutchinson
Lady Elaine's Martyrdom, Pearson's Library, 6d. ..... Pearson
LEMON, J.—Matthew Furth, 6/- ..... Longmans

LAWSON, M.—Coneycreek, 6/- ..... Digby
[*The story of the virtues and the self-forgetfulness of a blind girl.*]
LINTON, E. LYNN.—In Haste and at Leisure, 6/- ..... Heinemann
[*See p.* 175.]
MAKOWER, S. V.—The Mirror of Music, 3/6 net ..... Lane
LORNE, Marquis of.—From Shadow to Sunlight, 2/- ..... Constable
[*See p.* 176.]
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LONDON, E.C.
(*Second-hand.*)

Business still improving, but not up to the usual mark for the time of the year. Demand for religious, miscellaneous, and general character of literature.

YORK (1).

Business here has remained about the same during the past two months. A good demand has been made for educational works.

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YORK (2).

The general tendency of business here has been towards improvement. Standard and modern scientific works have been more in demand.

LEWISHAM, S.E.

Trade dull. Few second-hand books selling. Sporting and guide books mostly in demand.

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[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

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